McKean County Miner.

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B. FRANK HALL SHOT HIMSELF TUESDAY NIGHT

On His way to a Philadelphia Sanitarium for Treatment.

HIS DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

Brother of Senator J. K. P. Hall and Judge Harry Alvin Hall—Suffered from Effects of Sunstroke—Death Occurred on Pennsylvania R. R. Train.

B. Frank Hall, brother of Senator J. K. P. Hall and Judge Harry A. Hall, shot and killed himself on the Pennsylvania express which left Harrisburg at 5:10 o'clock last [illegible], says yesterday's Philadelphia North [illegible].

Mr. Hall, who was 51 years old, was on his way to Philadelphia to be placed in a sanitarium, because of the [illegible] of sunstroke suffered a year ago. He was extremely solicitous for his brother's health.

Mr. Hall showed ill health only in somewhat extreme nervousness. He smoked constantly and seemed to be under a great mental strain. At times he was irrational in his talk.

Shortly after the train left Lancaster the passengers were startled by a crash. The sound, although almost lost in the roar of the wheels was startling. Judge Hall, who had been seated in the main part of the car, went hurriedly into the smoking compartment a few minutes after the crash was heard and inquired for his brother. No [illegible]. The porter was called and unlocked the door of a small room next to the smoking room.

On the floor lay huddled the body of Mr. Hall, a revolver in his hand. He had shot himself in the right temple, the bullet emerging from the base of the brain on the left side of the head. Death, apparently, was instantaneous.

The body was lifted into the smoking compartment and Judge Hall, who was greatly overcome, was assisted to the other end of the car, where the ladies' compartment, which was empty, was placed at his disposal.

When seen last evening Judge Hall said his brother had recently returned from a hunting trip with friends on the moors of Scotland; he reached this country over ten days ago. Upon his return to his home at St. Marys, Pa., it was apparent that his brother's health was failing and he became possessed with hallucinations. For periods he would be rational, but later would have irrational spells. His condition became worse and it was decided to take him to a sanitarium.

Judge Hall said his brother became most irrational while on the train; possessed with the idea that upon his arrival in the city a lawyer would present him a bill for $1,000,000. This preyed upon his mind and he continually asserted that he could never meet such a claim.

It was not known that he had a revolver, the only weapon of the kind he ever had being one that he kept in his room at the hotel. As he was always of a quiet and retiring disposition, he was not searched when he was taken on the train, the thought of self-destruction never having entered the mind of his brother.

The body will be taken to the home of his mother in St. Marys to-day. The funeral will be held on Friday.

Surviving members of the family are the mother, Senator and Judge Hall and two sisters.

Man Shot in Leg by Woman.

John Plaxton of Austin, who went to the home of a woman of that place Saturday evening to play a Hallow'een joke was shot in the right leg by her, she supposing he was a burglar.

Before midnight Mr. Plaxton arrived at the house, and carefully stepped upon the front porch with the intention of engaging in some innocent fun. The woman heard him and secured a 32 calibre revolver and shot through a window at him. The bullet lodged in the fleshy part of his right leg. He immediately left the premises, and the woman went out on the porch and upon discovering a pool of blood became greatly frightened and informed some neighbors of what she had done. A search was made for the wounded man and he was soon located. Upon the request of the greatly alarmed woman and friends Mr. Plaxton came to this [illegible] to consult a surgeon. The [illegible] located the ball in the leg, but the man would not allow the necessary operation to remove it to be made and returned to his home the same day.—Potter Democrat.

Young Man Killed.

A dispatch from Eldred dated Nov. 8, says: Coroner Sherman was here from Bradford to-day, investigating the death of John L. DeMooy of No. 69 Fillmore avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., who was accidentally killed last night on the P. R. R. of the Pennsylvania railroad, at Relay Station, seven miles beyond Port Allegany, in the direction of Emporium. The body was brought here and the coroner learned that DeMooy came to his death by falling from a box car while the train was in motion. The man fell head foremost striking the ground with much force. His head was badly crushed. DeMooy had recently been engaged to work as a brakeman and it was his first trip. He was "learning the road." Deceased was aged about 25 years and is survived by a widow and one child.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence.—Alberta Sturdevant.

Civil Court Proceedings.

Civil court convened on Monday with Hon. Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. Judge Lindsay of Warren county came Tuesday morning and has been assisting him up to this time. There is a fair attendance and a number of cases have been disposed of.

Among the motions acted upon was one relating to the judgment in the case of Charles L. Girard vs. the Case Cutlery Co. of Kane. The previous verdict was confirmed.

An order to set aside the divorce of Harry and Arabella Marsh that had been asked for by relatives, was not granted.

In the divorce case brought by Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett, against his wife, the court ordered the editor to pay Mrs. McClellan six dollars per week alimony, pending the final disposition of the case and to also pay her $40 for counsel fees.

In the divorce case of Albert M. Reed of Bradford against his wife, the court made a similar order for counsel fees and alimony for Mrs. Reed.

In the case of Fred H. Nourse vs. Caroline Washburn, the decision of a justice of the peace was reversed.

Another reversal of a justice's decision was made in a Port Allegany case. Guy L. Burt, fined by a justice of the peace, will have the fine returned to him.

A third reversal of a justice's decision was made in the case of G. W. Weaver vs. T. N. Barnsdall of Bradford.

Articles of incorporation were filed for the Smethport Business Men's association.

Guy B. Mayo, Esq., was sworn in as district attorney to succeed himself. Nicola Carrizzo of Bradford and J. W. Wells, Esq., of Coudersport were admitted to practice in the courts of McKean county.

Maud Butler was granted a divorce from Orson Butler.

The committee to which was assigned the duty of preparing suitable memorial resolutions on the death of Joseph M. McClure, Esq., reported and the resolutions were read. Appropriate remarks on the excellent qualities of the deceased were delivered by the members of the bar. And as a further mark of honor to his memory, court adjourned until Tuesday morning.

The case of Andrew Miller vs. M. B. Finnessy, A. McGregor and Hugh Grant resulted in a verdict of $311.18 for the plaintiff.

In the case of M. C. Patterson vs. The Overbook Lumber Co., the plaintiff was awarded $100.

A. Gillis vs. R. W. Edgett and Jessie G. Edgett, surviving executrix of the last will and testament of A. J. Edgett. Plaintiff awarded $250.

Alice Sheldon vs. W. H. Emery. Verdict for defendant.

The cases of J. W. Mahen vs. J. W. Day and Mary Schermerhorn vs R. H. Fox were settled.

The following cases were continued: Crown Dyeing Co. vs. C. P. Collins; R. D. Green vs. Elisha K. Kane; Lenz & Lenz Co. vs. P. J. Sweeney; Louis Lovitz vs. Louis Newell and A. W. Newell; Amanda R. Moore and A. F. Moore, her husband, vs. Erie Railroad Co.; Emma Williamson and Samuel Williamson, her husband, vs. City of Bradford; Carlin Machinery Co. vs. The Blaisdell Machinery Co.

The Vote in Maryland.

The canvass of Maryland's vote shows that the electorial vote is divided, although Judge Taft actually carried the State on the popular vote.

The official canvass shows that Maryland will cast six of her eight votes in the electorial college for Bryan while the other two votes will be cast for Taft.

On a popular vote Judge Taft has carried the State by 605 plurality, the actual figures for the vote in the whole State taking the vote of the highest elector on each side as representing the real vote for the respective candidates was as follows: Taft, 116,514; Bryan, 115,909, Taft's plurality 605.

The split in the delegation from Maryland is due to the fact that the vote for the eight electors on each of the two leading tickets varies widely, while the reason that the Democrats secure more electors than the Republicans is because the difference between the vote of the highest and lowest electors on the Democratic side is much less than it is between the highest and lowest on the Republican side.

As a result of this difference in the vote for the several electors the leading Republican elector has a larger vote than any Democratic elector, but six of the Democratic electors have each a greater number of votes than the six lowest men on the Republican ticket. Consequently the six lowest Republicans are frozen out and the six highest Democrats are elected to the college, along with the two highest Republicans. The members of the electorial college are pledged to vote, not for the man who carried the State on the popular vote, but for the candidate on whose ticket they were nominated. Hence the Democratic electors will vote for Bryan and the Republican electors will vote for Taft.

Laundry Changes Hands.

We have taken possession of the Smethport Steam Laundry and will make a specialty of family washing. All work guaranteed. Terms strictly cash. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

F. & C. BURLINGAME, Props.

WANTED.—Hustler in each county as agent for good line of lubricating goods and paints. Liberal commission to reliable men. The Clinton Oil Co., Cleveland, O.

Wanted.

A girl to work for her board and go to school. For particulars address Box 98, Smethport, Pa. 46tf

"Murder Farm" Trial.

Ray Lamphere, former farm hand for Mrs. Bell Gunness, proprietor of the "murder farm," was put on trial at Laporte, Ind., on Monday, on the charge of murdering the woman, her three children and Andrew Helgelein.

Laporte is all afoot with excitement. Interest in the Gunness case has dwindled to almost nothing since it was decided that Mrs. Gunness met her death in the fire that consumed her farm after it had been the scene of so many mysterious disappearances, but the trial of Lamphere has served to revive interest in the case. Opinion as to the farm hand's guilt or innocence seems to be about equally divided in the town. There are those who hold that he was a willing tool of Mrs. Gunness in doing away with the men whom she murdered after robbing them and that jealousy brought him to the point of burning up the woman and her chileren. Others hold that he is not mentally accountable and not capable of planning so atrocious a crime.

The Gunness case startled the world last spring, when it was demonstrated beyond a doubt that the woman had lured hither, a number of men from various parts of the country by means of advertisements in matrimonial papers and had then done them to death for their money. Among them was Andrew Helgelein. The finding of bones on the farm after the place was burned, led to the disclosure of the crimes. For many days the remains of the woman and her children were sought. It was reported that she was seen in various parts of the United States, but the reports were not verified. The coroner's verdict was that she perished in the fire. Before this verdict was reached, Lamphere had been arrested on the charge of killing Mrs. Gunness and aiding her in putting out of the way, the men who had been traced to Laporte.

Oil Tank Explodes.

Andrew Kachka, aged 12, and George Weiderf, aged 11, climbed to the top of a hundred barrel tank at the Rasselas Oil and Gas company's No. 5 well at Rasselas Sunday. They did not know anything about oil and gas and Kachka lit a match to see how much oil the tank contained. Young Kachka, who was on top of the tank, was blown from it, while young Weiderf, who was on the ladder managed to escape without serious injury. The force of the explosion and the fall rendered young Kachka unconscious and he was found lying in the tank house with his hands in the fire a few moments later by his father who was attracted to the spot by the explosion. The fire destroyed the tank, tank house, all the oil in storage and all the tools the company had for use in pumping. The tank had sixty barrels of oil in it. It was the first oil produced by the company.—Bradford Star.

Subscribe for the MINER.

$500 REWARD.

The Pittsburg Gazette Times In Search of Story Writers—Purpose is to Find an Amateur Competent to Complete Helen Mather's Great New Serial.

One of the greatest strokes of enterprise by newspaper publishers is the proposal of the Pittsburg Gazette Times to pay $100 for the best solution to the mystery in Helen Mather's remarkably clever, unfinished new serial entitled "Love, the Thief," the first installment of which will appear in the Gazette Times on Sunday, November 8, when full details of the contest are to be published.

The balance of the $500 will be distributed as follows: $25 to the person who submits the second best solution, $10 to the one sending the third best and $5 each to those who supply the 75 next best.

Thousands of people will hail this opportunity not alone as a means of earning Christmas money, but to show their ability at gathering up the ends of a strange mystery and clearing it in few words. Literary talent is not necessary as the Gazette Times offers the prizes not for a literary composition, but for the best solutions to the story.

Men and boys, as well as women and girls may compete. Only the employes of the publishers, in fairness of the public, will be ineligible.

Instalments of the story will appear regularly in the Sunday and daily editions of the Gazette Times to the conclusion of next to the final chapter.

Their solutions will be received during the period lapsing between that issue and the issue of the following week.

The prizes will be awarded at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined the awards—in plenty of time to give the successful contestants use of the money for Christmas.

The Gazette Times announces that manuscripts of contestants must be forwarded by mail, addressed to the Prize Mystery Story Editor, care Pittsburg Gazette Times, Pittsburg, Pa. Personal interviews cannot be gained.

My continued illness will prevent my having my store open for the Fall Trade, my stock of Clothing, Robes and [illegible] Ware Store. I have marked these goods at a figure that it will be to your advantage to call if you are going to buy. Respectfully, CHARLES LAMPLER.

Get an Education.

The Clarion State Normal School at Clarion, Pa., is building a $75,000 dormitory for ladies. Get the catalog and prospectus for winter term. Expenses low. J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects. 46tf Mrs. CARRIE OVIATT.

Official Vote of McKean County, Nov. 3, 1908

DISTRICTS	President: Taft, Republican	Bryan, Democrat	Chafin, Prohibition	Debs, Socialist	Su. Ct. J.: William D. Porter, R.	Webster Grim, D.	Daniel Sturgeon, Pro.	Thomas H. Kennedy, Soc.	Congress: Charles F. Barclay, R.	W. Harrison Walker, D.	B. N. McCoy, Pro.	J. D. Blair, Soc.	State Sen.: F. E. Baldwin, R.	Samuel M. Sickel, D.	E. K. Kane, Pro.	E. K. Kane, Maj. Rule
Annin Township	75	57	25		57	58	29		56	54	33		41	38	57	11
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dist	79	58	2	7	82	41	2		74	53	1	6	90	26	11	2
" " 1st " 2d "	87	77	1	2	72	59	4	1	72	78	1	1	89	49	18	
" " 2d " 1st "	134	88	11	14	160	60	17	2	155	91	17	14	134	54	64	17
" " 2d " 2d "	111	87	9	11	99	62	14		102	72	9	9	96	54	29	7
" " 3d " 1st "	120	98	2	7	110	70	6		128	77	6	6	117	52	34	8
" " 3d " 2d "	113	95	10	11	92	64	20	8	95	78	19	10	84	58	44	10
" " 4th "	262	180	25	15	230	134	40	1	213	180	40	14	198	105	107	21
" " 5th "	153	138	9	33	146	110	12		142	121	12	28	128	110	38	9
" " 6th "	182	107	17	15	153	132	32	1	153	135	31	14	122	104	84	12
Bradford Township, 1st District	117	67	24	28	100	48	21		97	56	20	15	80	89	62	11
" " 2d "	80	60	17	10	60	35	20		65	38	17	11	52	38	32	4
Ceres Township	125	70	17		112	40	24		110	45	23		102	47	34	3
Corydon Township, 1st District	26	10	4		23	5	2		28	7	2		24	5	2	
" " 2d "	15	3			15	2			15	2			15	2		
Eldred Borough	121	56	13	2	100	65	27		102	81	15	1	108	50	35	7
" Township	135	70	16	1	114	58	21		114	66	18	2	110	56	30	6
Foster Township, 1st District	67	85	5	1	65	62	12		62	67	12	1	40	61	38	6
" " 2d "	49	61	15	14	40	43	11	2	42	45	17	6	40	35	30	4
Hamilton Township, 1st District	166	10	7	1	158	7	10		158	9	14	1	123	11	30	21
" " 2d "	15	10	1		11	8	1		11	6	1	1	10	8	2	1
Hamlin Township, 1st District	137	60	12	5	122	48	18		116	54	18	6	100	30	47	5
" " 2d "	71	6	8		59	4	7		55	6	6		40	5	21	2
" " 3d "	57	10	17		44	6	30	1	44	8	22		11	8	64	2
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	174	78	11		134	46	24	1	125	48	32	1	120	30	41	19
" " 2d "	200	78	21	4	160	53	53	1	153	58	59	2	127	80	85	32
" " 3d "	201	60	20	1	159	41	51	8	141	16	80	2	112	28	65	41
" " 4th "	156	54	14	6	122	47	25		109	58	40	5	110	30	44	28
Keating Township, 1st District	86	96	12		80	74	14	1	70	90	15		57	43	59	15
" " 2d "	95	43	10	1	80	20	20	1	71	30	23	4	51	27	58	12
" " 3d "	72	32	12	1	56	17	10		51	23	19	2	89	14	88	7
Lafayette Township, 1st District	30	41	1		26	32	2		24	20	3		17	29	15	
" " 2d "	61	28	7	3	48	21	7	1	46	20	9	5	40	16	22	8
" " 3d "	50	21		4	46	15	1		43	18		5	42	14		11
" " 4th "	20	7			39	6			28	6		1	21	2	9	3
Liberty Township	163	130	21	6	134	95	26		127	102	34	4	120	61	41	3
Mt. Jewett Borough	174	64	25	8	143	46	41		116	80	41	5	107	21	78	43
Norwich Township, 1st District	67	22	11	1	62	19	10	2	70	27	13	1	58	13	35	12
" " 2d "	8	13	1		8	13	1		7	14	1		7	13	1	
Otto Township, 1st District	74	56	9		70	11	16	1	64	40	15		62		42	6
" " 2d "	35	52	25	2	48	25	33		47	30	31	2	45	15	51	6
Port Allegany Borough	201	170	84	10	175	141	40		187	158	58	9	190	154	81	11
Sergeant Township, 1st District	52	25			50	16	4		48	31	1		45	12	25	7
" " 2d "	18	10			14	7	2		13	7	3		8	6	9	3
Smethport Borough	275	111	14	1	252	87	25	1	237	119	20	3	319	59	100	24
Wetmore Township	161	29	35	7	122	24	44	1	115	26	50	4	100	18	67	10
Totals	5003	2867	591	239	4397	2138	600	25	4092	2513	671	108	3658	1051	1553	475
Pluralities	2200				2170				1509				1285			

DISTRICTS	Assemblymen: R. P. Habgood, R.	Jas. A. McKean, R.	R. W. Hilton, D.	R. W. Hilton, Pro.	R. W. Hilton, Maj. Rule	L. R. Shaw, D.	L. R. Shaw, Pro.	L. R. Shaw, Maj. Rule	Joseph Bekrol, Soc.	G. A. Partiss, Soc.	Sheriff: W. H. Morrison, R.	T. J. Fennerty, D.	J. C. Young, Pro.	W. S. Clark, Soc.
Annin Township	41	57	48	46	5	40	42	4			48	71	38	
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dist	92	79	89	10		23	4	1	8	2	67	70	1	2
" " 1st " 2d "	106	104	41	12		38	6		2	1	55	105	1	1
" " 2d " 1st "	158	141	84	52	2	40	33	1	11	11	100	165	9	10
" " 2d " 2d "	98	105	58	26	1	49	13	1	10	0	69	114	5	0
" " 3d " 1st "	139	121	56	28	4	41	12		11	4	55	161	8	6
" " 3d " 2d "	106	111	53	31	5	46	10	4	14	4	52	148	8	7
" " 4th "	217	229	132	85	11	69	52	4	19	8	140	269	20	10
" " 5th "	148	148	113	32	5	98	21	4	18	13	118	172	9	14
" " 6th "	161	145	110	62	7	105	47	7	7	8	115	201	22	10
Bradford Township, 1st District	59	68	46	64	12	35	31	6	14	10	56	112	21	12
" " 2d "	60	57	31	20	1	32	10	1	10	7	37	85	15	7
Ceres Township	107	110	42	83		40	18		1	1	118	40	15	
Corydon Township, 1st District	21	21	3	8		5	1				18	16	1	
" " 2d "	15	15	2			2					11	6		
Eldred Borough	100	127	63	85	8	40	28			1	137	56	9	
" Township	100	119	50	36	4	44	27	5			131	60	11	2
Foster Township, 1st District	62	55	55	22		50	19		2	2	40	61	10	1
" " 2d "	37	33	40	40	2	30	32	1	6	4	85	60	19	5
Hamilton Township, 1st District	112	126	19	96	20	10	17	15	2		169	12	7	1
" " 2d "	11	11	10	2	1	7	1	1			5	17		
Hamlin Township, 1st District	104	124	48	35	1	38	19		7	6	123	51	12	6
" " 2d "	48	57	4	18	1	2	9	1			58	7	6	
" " 3d "	23	31	6	42	8	2	30	2			45	10	17	
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	138	141	30	80	12	28	27	12	1		138	63	16	8
" " 2d "	141	104	40	65	22	62	47	16	1		179	51	83	6
" " 3d "	118	136	44	75	20	52	60	18	3	2	170	11	40	2
" " 4th "	129	135	80	84	19	23	22	10	3	8	128	42	28	7
Keating Township, 1st District	43	33	91	51	7	33	14	2			76	96	14	
" " 2d "	55	72	30	52	5	22	21	1	2		85	40	22	
" " 3d "	40	15	82	85	6	20	15	1			53	86	9	1
Lafayette Township, 1st District	28	45		42		16					25	38	2	
" " 2d "	45	52	24	23	3	11	9	3	2	1	84	47	5	8
" " 3d "	37	43		38			13		2	1	88	27	1	2
" " 4th "	22	27	7	4	2	6		1			27	7		
Liberty Township	124	123	96	40	1	80	36	1	5	4	135	95	25	5
Mt. Jewett Borough	114	134	40	71	17	50	56	11	8	3	181	71	34	5
Norwich Township, 1st District	52	67	20	44	4	11	10	2		1	71	26	14	1
" " 2d "	7	7	7	1		13	1				7	13	1	
Otto Township, 1st District	14	53	42	32	8	30	21	3			75	65	8	
" " 2d "	31	56	29	41	3	18	28	3	4	1	40	45	22	8
Port Allegany Borough	177	162	140	81	0	118	45	0	6	7	201	170	50	10
Sergeant Township, 1st District	54	56	12	32	1	6	10	1		1	54	28	1	
" " 2d "	9	15	6	3	2	4	2				12	12		
Smethport Borough	155	304	126	90	15	22	25			1	276	107	15	
Wetmore Township	100	113	19	69	0	21	50	0	4	4	121	52	87	5
Totals	8513	4320	2042	1729	250	1500	979	101	177	180	5882	3308	612	154
Pluralities		518	210								674			

DISTRICTS	Prothon.: B. F. Starkey, R.	W. D. Holder, D.	F. J. Fuller, Pro.	J. W. Babcock, Soc.	Ck. of Cts.: F. R. Easton, R.	F. R. Easton, Pro.	Guy L. Burt, D.	Charles Barr, Soc.	D. At.: O. R. Mayo, R.	O. R. Mayo, Pro.	Recorder: H. M. Chaute, R.	H. M. Chaute, Pro.	G. A. Simpson, D.	Carl Godfrey, Soc.
Annin Township	50	54	25	1	56	25	53		50	27	52	39	49	
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dist	93	36	2	4	83	1	41	5	104	1	67	1	42	7
" " 1st " 2d "	93	55	2	2	81		59	7	103		82		59	6
" " 2d " 1st "	178	67	17	16	161	17	78	18	180	21	171	18	67	13
" " 2d " 2d "	114	66	11	10	97	8	67	12	122	10	105	8	63	11
" " 3d " 1st "	132	60	7	7	107	7	60	9	126	11	112	7	63	11
" " 3d " 2d "	111	61	20	8	98	17	66	9	114	17	94	18	68	10
" " 4th "	290	124	37	18	229	44	127	23	262	52	243	44	115	30
" " 5th "	152	106	12	27	142	10	111	28	162	30	135	10	108	30
" " 6th "	181	118	24	12	161	24	124	14	187	25	150	24	125	18
Bradford Township, 1st District	97	41	28	18	90	23	40	20	100	20	87	10	52	18
" " 2d "	82	36	21	8	60	18	40	10	78	20	63	19	35	10
Ceres Township	111	52	20	4	111	19	50	1	119	20	116	10	48	
Corydon Township, 1st District	20	6	2		21	2	4	1	21	3	19	3	5	
" " 2d "	15	2			14		3		15		15		2	
Eldred Borough	122	62	16	1	106	22	68	1	134	21	113	19	60	2
" Township	115	61	16	2	115	10	57	2	129	21	113	18	55	2
Foster Township, 1st District	61	67	11	1	65	15	58	1	74	16	55	13	66	3
" " 2d "	45	38	19	9	38	19	36	11	52	17	39	14	43	11
Hamilton Township, 1st District	153	18	10	2	153	9	10	2	157	12	160	10	8	1
" " 2d "	12	8	1		10	1	8		18	1	10	1	10	
Hamlin Township, 1st District	180	46	8	6	126	14	47	6	137	15	124	12	40	6
" " 2d "	52	8	8	1	56	6	6		58	7	56	6	4	
" " 3d "	40	9	22		41	21	4		40	18	40	25	4	
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	142	40	17	1	129	17	51	3	142	25	131	19	44	2
" " 2d "	182	47	82	2	158	34	55	7	168	37	167	61	51	5
" " 3d "	173	41	47	2	163	45	47	4	178	56	170	52	35	1
" " 4th "	126	45	22	5	116	21	51	6	129	29	124	23	46	5
Keating Township, 1st District	46	120	9		96	10	60	3	103	18	78	16	69	2
" " 2d "	67	58	10	1	92	17	24	8	92	21	51	20	32	3
" " 3d "	56	27	9	1	54	18	21	2	58	12	52	12	18	4
Lafayette Township, 1st District	35	33	2		25		33	1	30		25		34	
" " 2d "	61	16	7	4	45	9	20	5	51	7	38	7	19	3
" " 3d "	45	17	3	1	45		17	4	65		40		17	8
" " 4th "	29	4		1	30		4		30		28		5	
Liberty Township	131	92	22	6	110	20	113	4	141	22	120	29	92	4
Mt. Jewett Borough	151	48	31	5	151	37	42	7	159	53	132	39	39	6
Norwich Township, 1st District	61	59	8	1	77	7	29	3	87	12	80	9	21	2
" " 2d "	7	13	1		7	1	13		7	1	7	1	15	
Otto Township, 1st District	61	40	14	1	62	11	48		71	18	63	12	65	
" " 2d "	11	29	37	3	51	21	31	2	61	20	47	25	21	6
Port Allegany Borough	189	141	37	9	155	58	200	9	208	47	185	35	141	11
Sergeant Township, 1st District	30	33	4	3	53	2	21		50	1	54	2	20	
" " 2d "	17	6			14	1	6		10	2	11	1	6	
Smethport Borough	241	107	0		272	15	70	3	310	25	265	21	85	1
Wetmore Township	124	24	41	4	121	41	21	4	121	43	117	59	24	4
Totals	4454	2280	703	201	4215	733	2233	219	4872	531	4800	725	2078	247
Pluralities	2174				2715						2254			

DISTRICTS	Register: J. B. Eastman, R.	G. W. Patterson, D.	J. E. Dennis, Pro.	Geo. K. Ritchie, Soc.	County Commissioners: A. M. Marsh, R.	J. A. Peterson, R.	J. P. Devlin, D.	W. I. Oviatt, D.	J. A. Hoquet, Pro.	S. M. Love, Pro.	P. J. Nolan, Soc.	A. L. Valleley, Soc.	County Auditors: A. A. Abbey, R.	A. A. Abbey, Pro.	A. R. Anderson, R.	A. R. Anderson, Pro.	A. R. Coty, D.	Jas. M. Fraser, D.	F. M. Partiss, Soc.
Annin Township	54	50	29		88	62	63	62	30	60	1		80	20	47	21	50	45	3
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dist	83	39	7	5	61	75	67	50	1	5	4	4	76	1	64	1	53	42	6
" " 1st " 2d "	78	59	4	6	87	70	90	38	1	4	2		78		58		64	54	7
" " 2d " 1st "	165	68	22	12	102	154	87	68	16	28	11	10	139	16	138	16	80	70	18
" " 2d " 2d "	110	60	11	9	97	93	61	60	8	12	0	9	100	6	87	7	66	69	11
" " 3d " 1st "	121	56	9	9	118	109	67	58	7	10	4	9	105	7	85	8	66	58	16
" " 3d " 2d "	94	68	18	10	101	69	88	54	15	24	8	5	98	10	70	22	64	62	12
" " 4th "	238	119	50	16	251	190	171	118	38	54	17	14	224	40	196	41	181	118	21
" " 5th "	141	111	16	20	149	131	145	104	10	14	15	20	138	9	132	14	125	110	24
" " 6th "	185	120	30	10	172	151	142	105	20	37	11	12	140	26	122	24	127	112	23
Bradford Township, 1st District	62	69	13	13	109	70	54	64	15	35	15	13	55	21	73	20	60	43	23
" " 2d "	78	48	18	9	67	65	34	27	10	20	7	8	61	17	51	18	39	39	19
Ceres Township	128	49	15	1	101	93	63	61	18	28			114	15	103	16	56	61	
Corydon Township, 1st District	19	7	2		24	18	9	10	2	1			21	1	23	1	9	6	
" " 2d "	15	2			15	13	3	2					12		12		4	5	
Eldred Borough	127	54	14	1	106	65	60	67	13	47	2	1	100	16	88	15	80	68	2
" Township	127	47	16	1	110	91	41	58	15	50	2	1	108	13	100	15	76	53	1
Foster Township, 1st District	59	61	12	1	62	58	67	64	7	12	2	1	68	10	54	12	60	55	4
" " 2d "	43	35	20	7	41	27	48	27	19	31	3	3	49	16	29	17	38	40	13
Hamilton Township, 1st District	160	9	8	1	151	154	14	10	0	16	1	1	175	7	150	8	11	11	2
" " 2d "	10	0	1		8	10	10	8	1	1			0	3	10	2	0	0	
Hamlin Township, 1st District	120	45	15	5	110	95	69	61	10	26	5	6	111	12	115	11	51	41	5
" " 2d "	51	7	7		54	56	7	4	10	7			55	6	54	7	5	3	3
" " 3d "	30	4	23		40	35	6	7	20	36			41	24	32	20	6	8	
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	139	40	18	3	136	105	70	53	15	27	1	1	120	17	114	18	56	38	1
" " 2d "	163	54	85	3	158	148	78	45	38	42	2	2	158	32	147	36	56	51	5
" " 3d "	173	62	49	2	157	145	58	45	41	68	2	2	158	45	187	35	47	43	1
" " 4th "	127	42	22	5	124	110	64	38	10	21	4	4	121	22	107	23	51	45	5
Keating Township, 1st District	87	62	18		60	35	81	104	12	35			85	23	50	11	106	45	
" " 2d "	75	33	23	1	74	52	34	65	20	58	1	2	68	18	56	24	70	21	1
" " 3d "	50	21	12		55	26	31	23	10	35			47	12	34	10	81	21	1
Lafayette Township, 1st District	25	31	4	1	33	20	27	18	2	4			27		30		31	28	1
" " 2d "	46	21	6	3	49	38	38	14	6	7	2	2	40	7	35	6	19	23	4
" " 3d "	48	20		1	48	35	18	19		2	2	2	46		39		18	17	4
" " 4th "	27	5			28	26	7	5		1		1	26		24	1	5	6	
Liberty Township	120	90	27	4	124	118	100	100	22	30	1		135	22	126	20	67	84	4
Mt. Jewett Borough	151	45	37	5	144	118	74	40	35	51	4		148	37	134	38	48	46	6
Norwich Township, 1st District	50	18	11	3	50	10	30	37	10	15		2	81	6	71	6	34	17	1
" " 2d "	7	13	1		7	7	13	13	1	1			7	1	7		13	13	
Otto Township, 1st District	65	14	11		50	54	52	17	14	11	0		55	5	61	12	41	67	1
" " 2d "	31	23	29	3	50	30	46	18	10	77	1	1	41	10	35	13	22	63	6
Port Allegany Borough	201	150	30	0	191	148	170	165	30	66	8	10	187	33	161	30	151	129	11
Sergeant Township, 1st District	56	18	4		47	30	21	41	5	11			30		70		21	15	2
" " 2d "	16	5			12	0	12	0		2			11		12	3	7	5	
Smethport Borough	294	55	12		174	151	140	150	15	60	1	1	212	16	108	18	150	71	2
Wetmore Township	111	22	30	4	125	113	28	22	42	40	4	4	110	38	113	48	20	02	5
Totals	4424	2017	753	183	4166	3543	2130	2189	664	1277	100	150	4130	603	3820	651	2447	2047	265
Pluralities	2100				1977	1654	350						2725		2280		400		

Miss Sarah's Proposal.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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MISS SARAH DOWNS moved about her little parlor with flushed cheeks and tightly compressed lips. She had opened the windows wide to the fresh morning breeze, and from it she shook her dust cloth now and then.

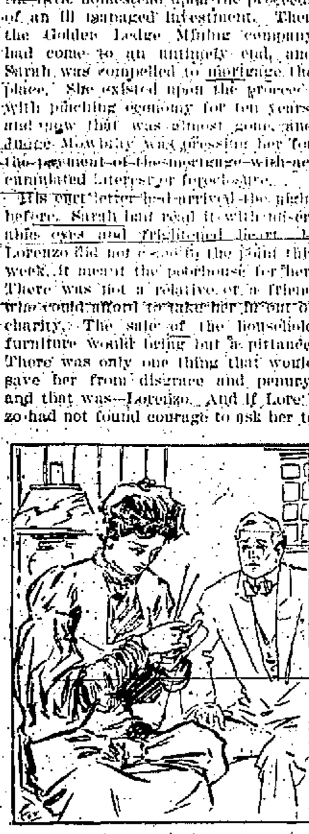
There was no gladness of the morning in Miss Sarah's faded face and tired eyes. There was only bitter despair. She wiped the few specks of dust from the marble mantel and replaced the blue china vases and the onyx clock. Then she dusted the case of wax flowers that stood on the center table, shook the sofa pillows vigorously, brushed up the hearth where she had just laid a new fire in the grate, ready for the lighting, and finally she stood back and surveyed the results of her labors.

The stuffy little room looked bright and clean and very homelike in spite of the hideously flowered carpet and the peacock blue and red plush chairs that were stiffly disposed in the corners. The black and gold frames of the family portraits formed grateful squares and oblongs on the crudely colored wall paper.

Thus the little room had looked on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons for twenty-five years when Miss Sarah prepared it for the coming of Lorenzo Rider in the evening. Lorenzo had been coming all these years to see Sarah Downs, and still he had never found courage to ask her to become his wife. And Sarah, who had been young and pretty, with fair hair and blue eyes, grew more pinched and faded each year. Her face became more pointed, and there were streaks of gray in the gold of her hair. Lorenzo had settled into middle aged comeliness, with clean shaven, good looking face, well brushed iron gray hair and portly, broad shouldered figure. The years had brought him success in business and the fruition of many hopes. They had brought Sarah nothing unless one considered a palpitating fear that Lorenzo might succumb to the youthful charms of a younger generation of girls who cast flattering glances at his broad acres and comfortable home.

Next to the fear of losing her lover Sarah Downs suffered most acutely from the meagerness of her income. When her father had died, secure in the belief that she would soon become the wife of Lorenzo Rider, he had made scant provision for his only daughter. The sons had taken their inheritances and removed to distant states, while Sarah was left to exist in the little homestead upon the proceeds of an ill managed investment. Then the Golden Ledge Mining company had come to an untimely end, and Sarah was compelled to mortgage the place. She existed upon the proceeds with pinching economy for ten years, and now that was almost gone, and Judge Mowbray was pressing her for the payment of the mortgage with accumulated interest or foreclosure.

His curt letter had arrived the night before. Sarah had read it with miserable eyes and frightened heart. If Lorenzo did not come to the point this week, it meant the poorhouse for her. There was not a relative or a friend who could afford to take her in out of charity. The sale of the household furniture would bring but a pittance. There was only one thing that would save her from disgrace and penury, and that was—Lorenzo. And if Lorenzo had not found courage to ask her to



"I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

marry him during these twenty-five years, when she had been young and blooming, would he care for her now? His coming to see her was a habit, as was the occasional buggy ride they enjoyed together or his attendance upon her at the village fair, when he "treated" her to supper and ice cream and then soberly escorted her home afterward. They were not engaged; they were "keeping company," and all Bainsville looked on in tolerant disgust at Lorenzo's slowness and Sarah's lack of "spunk."

Sarah closed the parlor door and went into the kitchen, where she [illegible] supper [illegible] table. There were [illegible] She sat [illegible] not swallow [illegible]. The sun sank slowly [illegible] the room. The fire glowed red in the cook stove, and the black cat purred on the braided mat on the hearth. And still Sarah Downs sat and pondered, and as she thought a great determination came into her eyes and her chin ceased its quivering.

"If Lorenzo Rider don't speak tonight, I will!" she said in a tone of brave finality. Then, with red cheeks and shaking hands, she lighted a lamp and cleared away her tea things, but first she drank a cup of strong tea to steady her nerves. Afterward she lighted a lamp in the parlor, started the fire in the grate and then went upstairs to her room.

She went at once to the tall wardrobe in one corner and threw back the doors, holding the lamp high above her head. A long row of limp gowns depended from the hooks. They were mostly of a bygone style, for Sarah had had few new clothes. She looked them over critically, and her choice fell upon a bright blue poplin. It had a full skirt trimmed with scallops that were bound with blue velvet, and the tightly fitting long waisted basque bore the same garniture. She brushed her hair into a becoming fluffiness above her low forehead and blushed at the years that dropped from her face. She slipped on the blue poplin and frowned at the smallness of the sleeves. Still, there were reasons why she should wear it. About her slim waist she tied a dainty, ruffly apron, and from a locked drawer she brought forth a blue silk workbag. Then with another look at her shamed face in the mirror, she caught up the lamp and descended to the parlor.

She drew a low chair to the fire and sat down. She did not open the workbag, but crossed her slender hands upon it and stared into the fire with reminiscent eyes. The last time she had worn the blue poplin gown had been the night before her father died. Lorenzo had spent the evening with her, and that night he had come nearer to approaching the delicate question than ever before or since. She had listened to him with down bent head over her crocheting. It was a pink wool fascinator, and the ivory hook was thrust into the ball of pink worsted now. She had never opened the blue silk bag since that night. Then she had been young and full of happiness and hope. Now she was old and forlorn and she was willing, and she was about to shame her maidenly pride in order to save herself from the poorhouse. She would give Lorenzo every opportunity to declare himself, and then—

The doorbell clanged noisily, and Sarah uttered a startled cry. For one instant she stood irresolute, and then, with quick, unhesitating tread, she opened the front door and admitted Lorenzo Rider.

"Good evening, Sarah," said Lorenzo in his hearty, mellow accents.

"Good evening, Lorenzo," she said lightly, leading the way into the cozy parlor.

Mr. Rider hung his soft felt hat upon the rack in the hall and then, closing the parlor door behind him, looked genially from the fire to the little woman seated before it. "Kind of early for a fire, Sarah," he suggested, seating himself in the willow rocker, which creaked beneath his great weight.

"I like to see a fire; it seems more homelike." Sarah had drawn forth the pink wool fascinator and the ivory hook and was picking up the stitches she had dropped a quarter of a century before.

"It always seems homelike here to me, Sarah," replied Lorenzo, looking at her downcast face intently.

Sarah reddened to her small ears, and she set her lips firmly. "I'm glad you've enjoyed it in the past, Lorenzo," she said, with a quick glance toward him, "because—because there won't be any more of it after this evening!" She plied the ivory hook furiously, and the ball of pink wool rolled from her lap to Lorenzo's feet.

He picked it up slowly and laid it in her lap; then he sat back in his chair and looked at her with clouded eyes. From the top of her light hair to the scalloped hem of her blue dress his eyes traveled, taking in all the dainty accessories of her costume—the white apron with the blue bow on the tiny pocket and the blue silk bag lying half open in her lap. "I've been expecting you'd say something like that some day," he said at last.

Sarah breathed quickly and knitted faster. She was overwhelmed with shame that Lorenzo should have admitted that he was waiting for her to speak, yet something must be done, and done tonight.

"I've been expecting you'd say something like that some day," repeated Lorenzo in an embarrassed tone.

"I shouldn't think you'd make me say it, then," retorted Sarah bitterly.

Lorenzo Rider stared at her and then around the familiar little room as if he doubted his own senses. There was Sarah Downs, looking fair and pretty, as she had always looked to him; there were the cozy room, the green shaded lamp and the cribbage board and pack of cards waiting the Wednesday evening game, and yet—Sarah was different. Lorenzo got slowly upon his feet and looked down at the little woman knitting so furiously. "I'm going now, Sarah," he said in a hurt tone. "Of course I've known for a good many years that you didn't want me, but so long as you didn't send me away, why, I just kept a-coming, because it's the only thing I care about doing, and tonight, when I see you in that blue dress and sewing out of that blue bag, just as you did that other time, it seemed to me that perhaps you might have changed toward me." He moved toward the door.

"What—what do you mean?" faltered Sarah Downs, rising to her feet and tumbling the pink ball of wool and the blue silk bag to the hearth rug. Her whole world seemed crumbling about her ears. She had quarreled with Lorenzo. She would be turned out of her home. There would be nothing left after tonight. She uttered a hysterical little cry. "Don't go, Lorenzo!" she murmured piteously.

Lorenzo Rider did not answer. He was staring down at the hearth rug, and presently Sarah's troubled glance followed his to where the blue bag had disgorged its contents on the floor. There were a fat blue pincushion, an ivory bodkin and a needlebook—and a faded and yellow envelope, adorned with a splashing red seal.

"Why, what is that?" asked Sarah in a tone of surprise, bending forward to pick up the envelope, but Lorenzo's broad brown hand reached it first, and he snatched it from her grasp with a muttered exclamation.

"You never saw it?" he announced amazedly, looking from the unbroken seal to Sarah's agitated face.

"What is it?" she faltered.

"I wrote it years ago, and I didn't get courage to give it to you, and that other time when you wore the blue



"WHY, WHAT IS THAT?"

dress and had the blue bag I—I put the letter in there when you weren't looking. I thought you'd find it the next day," Lorenzo was breathing laboriously.

"I ain't used the bag since then until tonight."

"I thought you'd read it, and I said if you wouldn't have me you needn't answer it—and that I'd be your friend forever—and I've been coming ever since glad just to see you, Sarah!"

Sarah Downs reached a timid hand for the letter and broke the seal reverently. She read the closely written page with joyful, tear filled eyes. "Why, it's a proposal!" she murmured blushingly.

"That's what it is," asserted Lorenzo, drawing closer to her. "Do you mean to say, Sarah, that if you'd seen this twenty-five years ago you'd have said yes?"

Sarah Downs must have given a satisfactory answer, for a moment later Lorenzo had gathered the pink fascinator, the blue silk bag, the blushing Sarah and all her troubles into his protecting arms.

He Was Accepted.

He was a comic writer and asked her to be his wife. He proposed as seriously as a humorist could, and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled and said:

"That is a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise.

"Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That was no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship and marriage"—

"Well—er—er—yes—but"—

"I should never suit you. I write postscripts, stop before the mirror, am slow in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress, and"—

"But, my dear Angelina, I should never object to"—

"You have always said that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would want to visit me, and"—

"Why, I"—

"And I have my animosities and may look round in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then, the neighbors, the"—

"The horrid Misses Sniffleton?"

"That's a fact."

"And the stuck up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough! I am yours!"—Pick-Me-Up.

The Great Seal of England.

The great seal of England consists of a large mass of sterling silver, measuring about six and a half inches in diameter by one and a quarter inches in depth or thickness. It is in two parts, both smooth on the outer side, but elaborately engraved within. These two surfaces are impressed upon a lump of wax attached in an ingenious way to any document to which her majesty as sovereign gives her royal assent. The weight of the seal is 185 ounces. Each seal is engraved during the reign of the sovereign whose name it bears, and the collection presents a curious and accurate epitome of English history. All lord chancellors have taken the greatest care of the seals in their charge and have contrived recesses and elaborate devices for their safe custody. One of them in the reign of Charles II. actually slept with the seal under his pillow and by this loving precaution saved it from thieves who one night broke into his house and carried off the mace belonging to the house of lords and other valuable property. Chambers' Journal.

NEW YORK'S BOWERY.

Why the Upper Part of It Was Named Fourth Avenue.

In the early forties of the last century there lived in Brooklyn a Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith was a rising civil engineer, and most of his work was in New York. It was necessary that he be nearer his place of business than Brooklyn, for in those days ferries were slow and infrequent, no bridges spanned the river, and horse cars were the speediest means of transit. Being a man of moderate means, Mr. Smith went house hunting through the streets of New York, seeking a modest but respectable abode. Near the upper end of the Bowery he found a small house. Elated with his success, he rushed home with the news to his wife. But when he mentioned the name of the street in which this house stood his wife's face fell.

"How could you think of it?" she asked. Smith was in despair.

Even as far back as 1840 the Bowery had acquired an unenviable reputation. Mr. Smith tried to explain that the upper part of the Bowery was still untarnished; that many very respectable people lived in that part of town; that it would be many long years before crime and sin would spread that far north.

It was all wasted energy. The fact that she would be living on the Bowery was sufficient for Mrs. Smith.

As a civil engineer it was Mr. Smith's custom to overcome obstacles. The following day he hired a conveyance, and he and Mrs. Smith went house hunting together. Mrs. Smith knew her Brooklyn thoroughly, but had only a slight acquaintance with New York. After driving through many streets without finding a suitable house the husband quietly turned into the Bowery at Union square and slowly walked the horse in the direction of the house he had found the previous day.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Why, there's a pretty place to let, dear!"

"Where?" listlessly questioned her husband, purposely looking in the opposite direction. Had Mrs. Smith not been so intent upon the house in question she might have noticed the merry twinkle in her husband's eyes and suspected something.

"Right over there," she replied, pointing to the house with the "To Let" sign.

An examination of the premises convinced Mrs. Smith that she must have the place, and when she learned that her neighbors were old friends of hers she had her husband close the bargain at once.

All this time no mention was made of the street. How Smith managed to move into the house and keep Mrs. Smith in the dark as to the name of the street is a mystery. But there came a day, and there was a storm. The tear fall was something heretofore unknown in the Smith household.

Once again Mr. Smith's habit of overcoming obstacles stood him in good stead. His wife would not live on the Bowery. Her home was ideal, her neighbors were good people, but they lived on the Bowery. So Smith and one of his neighbors went before the board of aldermen. The neighbor had influence. The street signs from Union square down to Fourth street were changed. Instead of "Bowery" the words "Fourth [illegible]" were substituted.

And Mrs. Smith was happy ever after.—New York World.

A Curious Spanish Custom.

Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century in an account of her own and her husband's lavish entertainment in a Spanish household says:

"No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come 'to see you eat.' Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime."

Shortening of the Day.

It has long been known theoretically that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions, and, using the data available, W. D. MacMillan made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Waiting.

"Where are you lunching now?"

"Over here at one of these places where you wait on yourself. Where are you eating?"

"Oh, I'm still over there where you wait on the waiter."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Good Guesser.

Aubrey—I say, old chap, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver? Plantagenet—No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf.—London Telegraph.

Expert Criticism.

"I don't like that judge," said the smooth crook; "his speech is so jerky."

"I would say," remarked the Boston burglar, "that, though they are unrhetorical, I rather like his short sentences."—Baltimore American.

If you intend to do a mean thing wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing do it now.

THE CARNAGE OF WAR

Story of a Survivor of the Battle of Gravelotte.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

An Advance Under Fire From Behind Barricades That Literally Mowed Down the Charging Troops—A Hand to Hand Conflict In the Streets.

William Guldner, a survivor of the battle of Gravelotte, the most hard fought victory of the Franco-Prussian war, tells in Harper's Magazine how he saw the victory as color bearer of his regiment:

"It must have been, I think, about 4 o'clock when Colonel von Boehn rode to the head of the regiment, and we all straightened quick as on parade. And he said sharp a few words, something like, 'Men, the regiment has a good name, and you will give it a still better one.' I was in front and could hear part of what he said.

"The colonel led us to the left, and we crossed a railroad track and went through another little white village, and then we faced a slope—a long slope—with a village on it, which the French had made into a fort, and we, our regiment and others, were to capture it, and there were many Frenchmen and cannon there.

"The colonel rode on a horse, he and the majors and the adjutants. Our captains usually rode, too, but this day the captains sent their horses back and went on foot.

"And soon our first men began to fall, for we came under the fire of the chassepot. It was hard, for we could not see the enemy. These first ones were many sharpshooters in a ditch, and the noise of their firing was like that of a coffee mill—kr-r-r-r-r! They drew off as we went forward. It was only at a walk that we went—a steady walk, just as if there were no bullets there.

"And now we would run forward fifty yards and throw ourselves flat, then another fifty yards and then halt and the falling flat, and each time we could see the village that was a fortress nearer.

"And once when we were lying down and I saw that the officers were standing, just cool and quiet, it came to me that a man has to pay in such ways to be an officer.

"I saw the colonel fall. He was shot from his horse and carried back.

"The first major, he took command, and he galloped to the skirmish line, and he was shot. Then the second major, too, was shot, and he tried to get up, but he could not stand, and he sat on a big stone and shouted: 'Go on! Go on!' And he took a gun from a dead man and fired it.

"We were ordered to fix bayonets, and that made us glad, but even yet the men carried their rifles on their shoulders as they ran. We were not near enough to charge with bayonets.

"I wish I could tell you what it was like as we got near that village of St. Privat, the noise, the smoke, the flashes, the falling men and only one desire in our hearts.

"There were three sergeants in the color section, one at each side of me. And first the one at my right was killed. Then the one at my left was shot—eight big bullets in his body from a mitrailleuse—eight! Yet he afterward got well, while many a man died from only one little bullet.

"And at last we went at a bayonet charge, and for the first time there was a cheer, a wild and savage cheer, and we ran on, eager to plunge the bayonets, and we could see as we came near the village that the French were firing from behind barricades and garden walls and from windows.

"And we looked into the wild faces of the French, and they met us hand to hand. Ah, we climbed over walls and barricades, and we fired and bayoneted, and we fought them in the streets!

"On and on we went. It was a wild time of shooting, bayoneting, wrestling, clubbing, shouting. On and on, but it was slow work and terrible, for the French fought for every step.

"I was at the front, for I had the colors. There were a few officers still left, and they were shouting and waving their swords, and other regiments stormed into the village with us, and after awhile—I can't say how long—the place was ours.

"As I tell it to you it seems perhaps a simple thing. But when the regiment was paraded before the battle began we were more than 2,900 men and more than fifty officers, and we lost in the fight forty officers and more than a thousand men. Yes, that was the loss of just my regiment alone. It was morderisch, but it was necessary.

"Well, it was over. The village was blazing, and many a dead man lay in the ruins. Some sat upright, dead, with their backs against walls."

India's Fame.

They were holding an "exam" in an east London school, and the teacher was explaining the chief products of the Indian empire. One child recited a list of comestibles. "Please, miss, India produces curries and pepper and citron and chillies and chutney and—and"— "Yes, yes, and what comes after that?" "Please, miss, I don't remember." "Yes, but think. What is India so famous for?" "Please, 'm, India-gestion."

The greatest of all human benefits, that, at least, without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—Parke Godwin.

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Glycerine plays an important part in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia and weak stomach, attended by sour risings, heart-burn, foul breath, coated tongue, poor appetite, gnawing feeling in stomach, biliousness and kindred derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels.

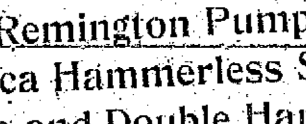
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In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes. The "Discovery" is not so good for acute coughs arising from sudden colds, nor must it be expected to cure consumption in its advanced stages—no medicine will do that—but for all the obstinate, chronic coughs, which, if neglected, or badly treated, lead up to consumption, it is the best medicine that can be taken.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The regular monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical association was held at Bradford on Tuesday.

—The grist mill at Port Allegany was robbed on Tuesday of last week. The cash register, containing about $20, was carried away.

—A number of barns belonging to farmers residing in the vicinity of St. Marys have been destroyed in the past four weeks and there is evidence that an incendiary is at work in that locality.

—See "A Pair of Country Kids" Co. at the Smethport Lyceum next Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, and forget your cares and enjoy two hours of a good, popular play, excellent acting and some good singing and dancing specialties. Popular prices will prevail for this engagement and you will receive more than your money's worth.

—Mrs. Esther Dikeman died at the home of her son at Mt. Jewett on Wednesday in her 83rd year. The cause of her death was heart disease and the ailments incident to old age. Her maiden name was Esther DeGolier and she was one of the pioneer settlers of McKean county, moving here in 1881 and locating near Bradford with her parents.

—John Bigler, aged 41 years, was found dead in his apartments in the Bovaird & Seyfang building at about 8 o'clock Friday morning. It is thought that he had been dead 36 hours when discovered by C. E. Judd. Coroner E. R. Sherman was notified and gave instructions to Undertaker Still to prepare the body for burial. The man's death was probably due to an attack of heart disease. The body was found reclining in a chair.—Bradford Era.

—A new counterfeit in the shape of a five dollar certificate has made its appearance, according to a circular letter issued by John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division of the treasury department. The new counterfeit is an imitation of the Indian head series of 1899, check letter "D," face number 1,181; back plate number 782; W. T. Vernon, register of the treasury; Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States. The number on the specimen in the hands of the treasury department officials is D7963870. Chief Wilkie says the general appearance of this counterfeit is deceptive. The only one so far discovered was found in Chicago.

—The other day a poll of the Cattaraugus county jail at Little Valley was taken and everyone of the 41 inmates was for Bryan.—Cattaraugus Star.

—Frank Lee, in a railroad station at Scranton, about to start away, asked a stranger for a match. Something in the man's face attracted him, and on inquiring his name discovered it was his brother William, whom he had not seen for thirty years.

—An exchange very truthfully remarks that the town where all the people at all times stand up and say a good word for the place they live in, where all work together and help each other, there you will find a healthy place to spend your days. There are more towns turned into graveyards for lack of confidence in one another, among its residents than from the rivalry of neighboring towns or other adverse circumstances. It is the people who make the town, and when you are helping your neighbor to succeed you are unconsciously helping yourself.

—It is no discredit to have enemies and opposition. Many men hesitate to adopt any course that will call for opposition by any person because they do not want enemies. The world is full of envious people. Some hate a man because he is successful in business or occupies a prominent place in the community. The world has no animosity toward the quiet citizen who offends no one—gets in no one's way. It is the live man, the man of push and energy, who incurs enmity. Every man who is fearless in the discharge of his obligations in any station of life has enemies.

—An Italian known as Joe Luce, employed on a timber cutting job at Wright & Miller's, back in the woods from Quaker Ridge, was stabbed by a fellow countryman named Joe Iouculano at 8 o'clock last night. He staggered into the camp where several of his fellows were lounging, cried out that Iouculano had stabbed him, and fell dead. Iouculano ran back to his own camp, got some clothes and fled, and at last reports was still at liberty. Sheriff Ames and District Attorney Cole are at work on the case. The cause of the tragedy is unknown, says a dispatch from Salamanca dated Nov. 9. According to late reports the murderer is still at large.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled in cases of weak back, back ache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic and act promptly. Don't delay, for delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

BATHING AT DIEPPE.

When the Comtesse de Boigne Tried It In the Year 1806.

The Comtesse de Boigne in her memoirs gives an account of a visit she paid in 1806, which is interesting in view of the position Dieppe now holds among French watering places.

"The poverty of the inhabitants," she says, "was frightful. The Englishman, as they called him (and for them he was worse than the devil), was cruising incessantly before their empty harbor. With much difficulty a boat was able to escape from time to time and go fishing, always at the risk of being captured by the foreigner or confiscated upon the return journey if the telescopes of the watchers had seen it approach a vessel.

"As for the comforts arranged for the convenience of bathers, which Dieppe has since organized, they were nonexistent at that time. My brother was able to find a little covered cart, and, with great trouble and great expense, notwithstanding the universal poverty, a man was hired to lead the horses down to the sea and two women to go into the sea with me.

"These preparations raised the public surprise and curiosity to such a pitch that my first bath was watched by a crowd on the shore. My servants were asked if I had been bitten by a mad dog.

"I aroused extreme pity as I went by, and it was thought that I was being taken down to be drowned. An old gentleman called on my father to point out to him that he was assuming a great responsibility in permitting so rash an act. It can hardly be imagined that the inhabitants of a seashore could be so afraid of the sea.

"But at that time the people of Dieppe were chiefly occupied in keeping out of sight of it and in protecting themselves from the disasters which they feared the sea might bring, so that it was for them nothing more than a means of annoyance and suffering. It is curious to think that ten years later bathers were arriving in hundreds, that special arrangements were made for their convenience and that sea bathing of every kind went on without producing any astonishment in the neighborhood.

"I have thus attempted to point out that the custom of sea bathing, which is now so universal, is comparatively recent in France, for Dieppe was the first place where it began."

TREE DWELLING ANTS.

South American Insect That Acts as Plant Guardian.

Air defenders of plants and trees are some of nature's pretty marvels. The Cecropia adenopus is a remarkable tree of south Brazil, widely distributed through the tropics. Its slender trunk is crowned with long leaves at the ends of the branches.

A few active ants run continually along the branches and the leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rushes out by small apertures ready for a savage assault on the intruder. The ant is the terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the leaf cutter ant.

The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles. These are formed of delicate tissue, rich in proteids and oils, as rations for the garrison of defender ants to feed upon. The curious arrangement by which entrance is made to the hollow stem has been studied by W. Schimper.

Just above the point of insertion of each leaf extends nearly to the superior node a superficial groove, at whose end is a rounded depression. There the tissue is thin, like a diaphragm in a tube, and it also is soft. The hole by which the ant enters is always pierced at this spot. The ants seem to have made their entrance through the groove originally because it was at the top. In the course of this plant's further development natural selection augmented these natural advantages, so that finally the thin, frail diaphragm as it exists today was developed.—Chicago Tribune.

Married the Day They Met.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend who was something of a matchmaker having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

Tommy's Lunch.

Uncle (who left his nephew "refreshing")—Well, Tommy, you see I'm back. Are you ready? What have I to pay, miss? Waitress—Three buns, four sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts and— Uncle—Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill? Tommy—No, uncle, but I'm very thirsty.—London Tit-Bits.

British Pride.

British hypocrisy is gradually disappearing. Until a few years ago most Englishmen fancied that to be born in the United Kingdom was to be a paragon of all the virtues.—Brussels Soir.

Envy.

"Don't be covetous," said Uncle Eben. "Envyin' what yoh neighbor has is mighty apt to pit de opportunity in yoh neighbor's way foh handin' yoh a gold brick."—Washington Star.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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THE WHEATFIELD.

Where the Billowing Golden Waves Stretch From Sky to Sky.

Take a look at the wheatfield that has been brought up to perfection as it stands, yellow as gold, with the sheen of the sea, billowing from sky line to sky line like an ocean of gold, where the wind touches the rippling wave crests with the tread of invisible feet. In California, in Oregon, in Washington, in Dakota, in the Canadian northwest, you may ride all day on horseback through the wheatfields without a break in the flow of yellow heavy headed grain—no fence lines, no meadow lands, no shade trees, no knobs and knolls and hills and hollows of grass or black earth through. From dawn till dark, from sunrise, in a burst of fiery splendor over the prairie horizon, to sundown, when the crimson thing hangs like a huge shield of blood in the haze of a heat twilight, you may ride with naught to break the view between you and the horizon but wheat—wheat. It is like the gold fields. It goes to your head. You grow dizzy looking at it. You rub your eyes. Is it a mirage? The billowing yellow waves seem to be breasting the very sky. You look up. The sky is there all right with the black mote of a meadow lark sailing the azure sea. He drops liquid notes of sheer mellow music down on your head, does that meadow lark, and that gives you back your perspective, your sense of amazing reality. You are literally, absolutely, really, in the midst of a sea of living gold. It is you and not the lark that is the mote. You begin to feel as if your special mote might be a beam that would get lost in infinity if you stayed there long, and so you ride on and on, and some more on, and by and by come out of the league long, fenceless fields with an odor in your nostrils that isn't exactly like incense—it's too fugitive, too fine, too sublimal of earth. It is aromatic, a sort of attar of roses, the imprisoned fragrance of the billions upon billions of wheat flowers shut up in the glumes of the heavy headed grain there. And that's the odor of the wheat.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

A CHINESE STORY.

The Way a Mandarin's Wise Wife Decided a Baby Case.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke. "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the two women in the outer chamber." This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes to be put on the fish. "Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted no doubt by the wrappings in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the women threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her. And the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meanwhile the false woman crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donning the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—Bystander.

White and Red Wines.

White and red wines owe their difference to the fact that, while the former is permitted to ferment without the grape skirts, these are allowed to remain in the case of the latter. The color of the grapes makes no difference whatever to the color of the wine which they produce, for the juice of all grapes is as nearly as possible colorless. For instance, the grape which yields champagne is almost black in outward appearance.

Over the Telephone.

"Is this Dr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Mrs. Jones. I wish you would come over as soon as convenient. My cuckoo clock has a little throat trouble."—Harper's Weekly.

His Mentor.

From the time a boy sits under a street corner electric light playing with toads until he is blind and toothless he has to account to some woman why he didn't come home earlier.—Atchison Globe.

Not Like His Parent.

"Do you think Mr. Skinum's baby will take after its father?"

"Not at all. The other day they persuaded it to cough up a nickel it had swallowed."—Exchange.

Doing Good Service.

Bill—Is that watch your father gave you ten years ago still doing good service? Jill—Yes. I pawned it again today for the twentieth time.—London Opinion.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—Goethe.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby, have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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BITS OF MEANNESS.

Queer Traits Shown by Some of the Operatic Stars.

The celebrated impresario Schurmann said it was a precarious matter to draw up an agreement with a star, for each one had some strange little proviso which he insisted on inserting. In one contract Tamagno exacted that he should be allowed thirty-seven candles each night in his dressing room. Schurmann was amazed that even a great tenor should require so much illumination, but he consented. When Schurmann visited Tamagno's dressing room he found only two candles alight. On another occasion he discovered only one. Inquiries led to the discovery that the provident tenor saved up the other candles and sold them at a profit.

Schurmann said that a small boy whose father was a great friend of Caruso's, having asked the tenor for a signed photograph, received as a reply, "Certainly; go to my photographer; he will sell you a photograph, and if you bring that to me I will write on it whatever you like."

A great feminine star made a stipulation that all her baggage be carried at the company's expense, duty free. Somewhat to the surprise of the impresario, the lady, whose wardrobe was not extensive, carried about with her a great number of enormous heavy boxes. These were afterward discovered to contain rice, which is very cheap in Italy and which was sold at a profit in protectionist France.

The Japanese Spy.

The spy system which the Japanese employed during the war with Russia and which was the wonder as well as the puzzle of the world may be said to have been introduced into Japan by the ancient bushi, who found the basis for it in a Chinese text from which came so much of their military knowledge. Therein may it be read that the spy is the finest evolution of military strategy. Five kinds are painstakingly defined, but the greatest of these is declared to be he who can pretend disloyalty and disaffection to the commander to whom he really has sworn fealty in order that he may so gain the confidence of the enemy, live as one of them in their own camps and betray them into following a course that to them will spell defeat.—I. K. Friedman in Chicago News.

Maryland County Flags.

How many students of Maryland history are aware of the fact that in addition to the Maryland colors, gold and black, embodied in our state flag, each county of the province erected prior to 1695 had its own colors?

Ten counties had been erected in Maryland prior to 1695. Colors for the organizations of these several counties were assigned as follows:

St. Mary's, red; Kent, blue; Anne Arundel, white; Calvert, yellow; Charles, orange; Baltimore, green; Talbot, purple; Somerset, buff; Cecil, crimson; Dorchester, the union jack (being the maritime county).—Baltimore Sun.

An Old Tale.

There were rumors of graft in hades.

"This road," declared one faction, "was to be paved with good intentions."

"Well?"

"Examine the material. Are these good intentions?"—Kansas City Journal.

Truthful.

Polly Pinkthus—The leading man says he once promised his mother he would never be an actor. Fanny Footlights—Well, he seems to be keeping his word.

Couldn't Deny the Truth.

Mrs. Wobbles—I shall never forget, dear, how idiotic you looked when you proposed to me. Mr. Wobbles (with emphasis)—I was idiotic.—Home Magazine.

When men are friends there is no need of justice.—Aristotle.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices, inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Nov. 12, 1908.

The tariff will be revised at the next session of Congress but it will be revised by its friends instead of its enemies.

Emperor William of Germany made a trip in an airship on Tuesday, and great excitement prevailed in that empire until he arrived safely on terra ferma.

E. M. Morgan, postmaster of New York, was shot and seriously wounded by a crank on Monday morning. The timely interferance of Mr. Morgan's 16-year-old daughter by striking the would-be assassin's arm probably saved her father's life. The crank killed himself on the spot.

The death of Victorien Sardou, the leading dramatist of France, occurred in Paris on Sunday. He was 78 years of age and his last drama was produced three years ago. He rose from abject poverty to great wealth and he was a man possessed of those charms which made him greatly beloved.

The United States Circuit court of Appeals, Judges Grosseup, Baker and Sherman sitting, on Tuesday denied the government's petition for a rehearing before that court of the $29,240,000 Standard Oil case. The court sustained its original ruling reversing the decision of United States District Judge Landis and remanding the case to him for retrial.

Those who object to President-elect Taft's religeous learnings have been sternly rebuked by President Roosevelt in a letter made public on Monday. Mr. Taft is a Unitarian and for this reason some seem to think that he should not be the chief executive of the United States, but President Roosevelt has other ideas and a vast majority of the people are with him.

Signs of returning prosperity are apparent in every direction since the election of the Republican National ticket. From every part of the country come reports that mills and factories will be started and the large railroad companies are making every preparation for returning activity in the business world. It is claimed that fully a half-million men, who have been idle for months past will be back at work before December first.

In a street duel at Nashville, Tenn., ex-Senator Edward W. Carmack, editor of the Nashville Tennessean, was shot and killed by Robin J. Cooper, a young attorney and the son of Col. Duncan Cooper, about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. The duel grew out of a hot political battle in which Carmack had written several seathing articles about Col. Cooper and his "political doings." The latter had warned the editor that these attacks must cease and when Col. Cooper and son met Carmack all were armed and young Cooper and Carmack opened fire almost simultaneously. Mr. Carmack was killed instantly, three bullets having penetrated his body. Robin Cooper was wounded in the shoulder and Col. Cooper e caped unhurt. Carmack favored State-wide prohibition. Col. Cooper was an advocate of local option. On this point the former friends quarreled and Carmack poured editorial vitriol into the sores of their dissention. Efforts had been made to put a stop to Carmack's attacks, but without effect. The whole State of Tennessee and the South in general have been shocked by the tragedy.

Under the headline, "Who Should Retreat?" in which the Democrat points with pride to itself on its reliability and defends its position in relation to its comments on the letter written by Mr. Habgood to a clergyman of this place, the editor of the Democrat deliberately mistated facts when it said: "The Miner undertook to deny the purport of such letters in its issue last week with very poor success, when at the time this intended denial was made the editor of the Miner could not have helped knowing that such letters were out, which conclusively proves that Mr. Backus was endeavoring to trifle with his readers." When Mr. Lindsley wrote those lines he knew he was not telling the truth. The Miner neither denied nor attempted to deny there being such a letter nor the purport of the same, but simply published a statement made by Mr. Habgood regarding this letter and the way it was construed by the Democrat. The editor of the Miner has never seen a copy of this letter and therefore did not and will not attempt to say whether the construction put on it by the Democrat was true or false, but we do know that the Democrat said: "We are authorized to state that should Mr. Habgood enter a denial to the statements made above, that one of these letters will be read from the stage at the Lyceum at Bradford next Saturday evening, at the time Hon L. Emery, Jr., speaks at that place on the issues in this county campaign." And we further know said letter was not read at that time, which at least indicates that the purport of this letter was somewhat exaggerated by the Democrat. We have no objection to Mr. Lindsley's constant harping to his readers that his paper is reliable and can always be depended on for the truth, but we think he would make a better impression if he would confine himself to the truth about his neighbors in the article in which he is boosting his verasity bluff. We are sorry that Mr. Lindsley feels called upon to use such tactics to defend the reliability of the Democrat for we cannot see how it will help his argument when the files of the Miner conclusively show that he misrepresented facts regarding this paper.

There is intense feeling all through Tennessee over the killing of E. W. Carmack. Nashville and the entire State has been plunged into a feud that promises to be the worst and bloodiest in the country. Men high in political and church affairs, and in the legal profession calmly state that if the Coopers are released, even on bonds, more killings are bound to result. At Columbia, Carmack's home, scores of friends have openly stated there determination to avenge this assassination. They declare that, even if the Coopers are convicted, Governor Patterson, their friend and political ally, will pardon them and feeling is running so high that Governor Patterson's friends fear that he will be shot down in revenge of the death of Carmack. Nothing else is talked of and citizens of all classes have aligned themselves against and for Col. Cooper and his son. With the Carmack forces stand the ministers, the law and order element, the reformers and the prohibition interests and for the Coopers the Democratic political machine is arrayed. The forces that hage backed Carmack in two bitter campaigns, one for re-election to the Senatorship, the other in the primary election for the gubernatorial nomination, are crying for vengence, while the entire State administration stands with Cooper, deploring the killing of Carmack, but ready to defend Cooper and his son. Worse than that, Tennessee faces the possibility of having its Governor, M. R. Patterson, indicted as accessory to the murder of Carmack. Friends of the dead statesman and editor declare that Patterson knew of Col. Cooper's threat and his intention to kill Carmack. Further they declare that not only Governor Patterson, but other high politicians knew of the plot to kill, carried warnings, and held conferances with Cooper and his son. It is charged also that one high politician was with Col. Cooper and Robin Cooper, two minutes before they crossed Seventh avenue, to where Senator Carmack was talking with Mrs. Charles Eastman and precipitated the battle which left Carmack dead in the gutter. The politicians including Governor Patterson, assert that while they knew of the threats made by Col. Cooper, the conferances were made to dissuade them from the plan.

You can cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sour or weak stomach, or in fact any form of stomach trouble if you take Kodol occasionally—just at the times when you need it. Kodol does not have to be taken all the time. Ordinarily you only take Kodol now and then, because it completely digests all the food you eat, and after a few days or a week or so, the stomach can digest the food without the aid of Kodol. Then you don't need Kodol any longer. Try it to-day on our guarantee. We know what it will do for you. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Fine Dairy Farm Near Smethport With Stock, Tools and Hay.

We offer for sale a farm of 166 acres, located 2 miles from Smethport, Pa., and 1½ miles from East Smethport with stock, tools and hay. 136 acres cleared, 30 acres in hardwood timber. Land is smooth, watered by six springs, wire and board fences, one of the best dairy farms in county. 12-room house with new roof and in good repair, with cellar, barn 52x52 with basement with cement floor, one barn 30x66, milk house 14x26, hog pen and tool house. Large silo. Fine water at house and barn, 2½ miles to creamery, 1½ miles to graded school. Oil and gas right goes with farm. Cash gas rental of $165 a year, which will be greatly increased as soon as gas wells are drilled. With the farm we offer 10 cows, 1 yearling, 4 calves, 75 tons hay, 15 tons straw, sugar evaporator with 300 buckets, steam thresher, and complete outfit of farm tools and machinery. List on application. Smethport is county seat of McKean county, has three railroads, paved streets, splendid schools, two banks, fine churches, two newspapers, and is a good market place. Everything for $7,254. Terms one-half cash, easy payments on balance. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency Bolivar, N. Y.

A Great Sacrifce of Millinery.

Rather than move them will sell for the next 30 days everything below cost. Everything new and up-to-date. No old stock.

Call and see them before buying elsewhere.

MRS. SPRING,
Hill St., next to Green's Grist Mill,
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment and said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

John J. Rogers, Administrator,
Ceres, P. O. N. Y. October 8, 1908.

The Lyceum.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Wednesday, 18th

The Hilarious Rural Comedy

A Pair of Country Kids

SEE The Realistic Explosion
The Wharf Scene
Rescue From the Waves
The Country Dance
The Lively Kids
The Funny Old Folks SEE

10 Great Specialties and Musical Numbers.

A Guaranteed New and First-class Production.

Prices, 25, 35, 50

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $293,000.00
Resources about $900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D. GALLUP, JOHN FORBES, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. REDFIELD

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Buffalo's Great Popular Department Store,
460-470 Main Street.

H·A·MELDRUM Co.

We Open the New Fall Suits for Women

With two offers never before equaled in Buffalo—or anywhere else. We will fill your mail order—or if you come here in person, **we refund your railroad fare** under the conditions of the Retail Merchants' Board.

Fashionable Man-tailored Suits of Broadcloth, Cheviot and Striped Worsteds—three-quarter semi-fitted coats, double or single breasted, lined entirely with soft satin—full-flaring skirt with wide fold. Choice of green, brown, wine, grey and black $15.00

Beautifully Tailored Suits of Striped Worsted or Broadcloth—coat 36 inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, and trimmed with tailored straps of same material—notched collar and turnback cuffs. The full-flaring skirt has self-folds. Choice of all the newest shades $19.75

This month we are selling the **Rug Stock of a big Department Store** which we bought under price. Save a heap of money on your New Rug!

Join Our Fall Piano Club!

Get a $275.00 Piano for $195.00—pay $5.00 down and $1.00 weekly—and besides we give your son or daughter a course of 20 Free Lessons in the Celebrated (Buffalo) Elmwood Conservatory of Music.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STEP INTO OUR
TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Olean's Big Department Store.

How About New Furs?

Quite time to think, and think hard, about such warm, comfortable, beautiful things.

"Are they many here?" You'll think so when you stand here, with Collars, and Muffs, and Sets, and Stoles, and Children's Furs on every side.

They are Coney, Jap Mink, Blended Squirrel, Alaska Mink and beautiful Black Lynx, in Collars, New Ties, Scarfs, Stoles, Etc., at prices $1.50, $2.50, $3.98, $5.00, $7.50, and so on up the scale to $75.00.

Included in the showing are a full line of the Pillow Muffs to match each style of Fur at prices ranging from $2.50 to $35.00 and upwards.

You'll Enjoy our Showing of Fur Coats too.

They are styled first by fashion experts, then the furriers put on the finishing touches and the completed garment is a marvel of high class work both as to style and to fur.

A special this week is a $25.00 Fur Coat, half-fitting, 54 inches in length, high collar, lined throughout with a fine quality of satin for $18.00.

A beautiful line of Poney, Blended Squirrel and River Mink Coats, different lengths and styles, ranging in price from $2.50 to $150.00.

Surely This is the Store to Buy Your Furs

BELL BROTHERS
The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House in South-western N. Y.



Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued, 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

BEST BY ANY TEST
and the best test is its use.
"Family Favorite"
LAMP OIL



Gives the nearest to natural of any artificial light known.
Burns white, clear, steady and full flame to the last drop.
Will not smoke, "smell" or flicker.
Costs no more than ordinary tank wagon oil and infinitely better.
Most any dealer can supply you.
Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Coats and Suits for present wear are selling freely and the assortment is at its best. Call and see them.

Children's Coat Line

Several hundred Coats on the racks to-day are to be reduced and sold rapidly. We mean to sell more Children's Coats than ever before and a reduction in price always accomplishes that end. If the little ones are ready for new Coats we are ready to supply them at a great saving for you.

Sizes from 2 to 20. All at a saving.

Patrician Shoes

at $3.50 and $4.00, for all occasions. We have them.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Did you get any ducks this week?

—Two weeks from to-day is Thanksgiving.

—The new pavement is greatly appreciated this muddy weather.

—These are the dark days of the Democracy—Milton excepted.

—Nat Goodwin is married again. This time his bride is Edna Goodrich.

—The greatest battleship in the world, North Dakota, was launched on Tuesday.

—The I. O. O. F. Band serenaded the successful Smethport candidates last Friday night.

—William Lackaye in "The Battle" will be at the Bradford Theatre to-morrow (Friday) night.

—Merchants in DuBois are being prosecuted for selling goods on Sunday under the Blue Laws.

—Remember the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music. Admission 50 cents.

—Miss Katherine McGrath and Fred Foster, both of Bradford, were united in marriage at that place Tuesday evening.

—It is said that one automobile will be sold to every 1000 people in the United States next year. We are sorry to say we are one of the 999.

—At St. Luke's Church on next Sunday, Nov. 15th, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will give a supper at the hose house on Thursday of next week from 5 p. m. till all are served. All are invited. Supper 25 cents.

—The Epworth League of the M. E. church will hold a Penny Novelty social in the chapel, Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8 p. m. Admission 1 cent. All welcome. Refreshments will be served.

—The I. O. O. F. Band is making rapid strides toward musical perfection. This organization is composed chiefly of novices and for the time they have been practicing they play splendidly.

—The Olean District Conference meets next week Monday and Tuesday at Genesee, Pa. Bishop Joseph F. Berry of Buffalo will be present and give a lecture on the Ideal Minister and an address on Evangelism.

—The mud gaps between the sidewalks and pavement at the crossings should be remedied at once. In their present condition they are almost as bad as the muddy crossings of the past.

—Mrs. Harris' Sunday school class held its monthly business meeting and social at the chapel on Monday evening. Including the class and some invited guests there were fifty persons present.

—The good people of Farmers Valley are giving a benefit dance this evening for the I. O. O. F. Band of Smethport. A large crowd of people from this place, including the Band, will be in attendance.

—Mrs. W. A. Harris entertained at tea last Friday evening the following: Miss Carrie Day, Miss Vera Freeman, Miss Grace Cunningham, Miss Myra Corwin, Miss Stull, Miss Todd and Miss Richards.

—Mabel, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Swanson of Kasson, died recently, the cause of death being diabetis. The afflicted parents have the profound sympathy of many friends.

—Bradford has a water famine and is compelled to pump water from Kendall creek into the reservoirs for domestic use. All the newspapers of that city have given warning to the patrons to boil the water.

—At St. Elizabeth's Church every Sunday evening at 7:45. Vespers and instruction course for the winter on "True Men as We Need Them." Subject for next Sunday evening, "Home Destroyers." Everybody invited.

—The C. M. Mix farm of 160 acres, located on East Notch road, two miles from Nile, N. Y., was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to Orrin Hassard of Coudersport, Pa., who will take possession April 1st. The deal included ten cows.

—I. Odesser and family, who have conducted a store at East Smethport for several years past, have moved to Buffalo. Mr. Odesser and family have made many friends in this vicinity who will regret their departure but wish them success in their new home.

—Two Coudersport young ladies were attacked by two unknown young ruffians on one of the principal streets of that place late one night last week as they were returning from a dance. One of the young ladies was choked by her assailant but the screams of the other frightened both away.

—The public spirited people of Olean, Eldred and Port Allegany are actively engaged in a concentrated effort to bring about the construction of a continuous macadam road between the three places, and several men of Port Allegany are interested in the project of continuing the road from that place toward Coudersport to the McKean county line which is near Burtville, says the Coudersport Democrat. We hope this may prove true and that the momentum may also come this way.

—Fred Bennett of Ulysses has presented to Editor Stokes of the Enterprise two bayonets, with a belt to hold them on each side of his body. Fred states he sent them to the newspaper man to protect himself with. The weapons were used in the Spanish-American war.—Potter Democrat.

—Quality and not quantity has always been the aim of the manager of "A Pair of Country Kids" Co., and has placed this popular play and company among the class welcomed every year by our theatregoers as an old friend. Remember the date, one night only, Wednesday, Nov. 18, at the Lyceum.

—We have been reliably informed that the balance of the paving of Main street will be done by Mr. Gipp as soon as spring opens and that from present indications there will be enough money in sight to go the whole mile. This should be pleasing news to those who have been led to believe that we were to have no more paving on Main street for years to come.

—Herman Dumjohn and family left on Monday for their new home in St. Marys. Mr. Dumjohn is employed on the P., S. & N. railroad and it is much more convenient for him to live in that place. During their stay of several years in our midst this estimable family have made many friends who will gladly welcome them back to Smethport should his run be so changed as to make it practical.

—Mrs. B. D. Wendell and family leave this week for Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where they will join Mr. Wendell and make their home in the future, he having a position in the Camp Glass factory in that place. Mr. Wendell and family have lived in Smethport for a number of years and during that time they have made many firm friends who will regret to have them leave our midst, but wish them the best of success and happiness in their new home.

—Election betting on Bryan will force James Tornier of Waterbury to wear stockings in bed six months, drive Walter Hope of Torrington's suburbs to make up with his mother-in-law, compel John Cronin of Plymouth to kiss the first seven cows he meets on Plymouth rural highway, make Charles Tiffany of Wolcott sleep crosswise in a pig's bed four times, induce Tim Shevlin of Union City to take a bath in the Naugatuck river and Wilbur Tonks of Watervills must sleep three nights on a haystack, says a dispatch from Waterbury, Conn.

—The fact that there were 501 more votes cast in McKean county for the various candidates for President than any other office voted for at this election, despite the spirited fight put up for several of the offices, shows pretty conclusively that there are a good many men in this county who do not know how to vote our blanket ballot. This discrepancy is almost entirely due to the fact that many voters who wanted to vote a straight ticket put a cross in the square opposite the names of the candidates for President and Vice President instead of in the square opposite the name of the political party in the first column. If these votes had been properly marked as the voters evidently intended and were divided pro-rata among the parties it would have added 500 to the Republican vote and 280 to the Democratic, thus increasing the plurality of each Republican elected 220 and that added to Mr. Habgood's vote would have elected him.

Local Option Law.

The Franklin News, in reply to a telegram to S. E. Nicholson, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Pennsylvania, asking him what the prospects were for the passage of a local option bill in the next Legislature, received the following reply from him dated at Harrisburg:

"We will make the hardest fight in the history of the Legislature for local option and the prospects are more than bright. We have more pleged for local option than pleged against it. The local option candidates almost universally ran ahead of their tickets from a few votes up to several thousands, showing tremendous gains for this legislation in the popular vote. We have made great advances, and political leaders will be short-sighted, indeed, to attempt to force postponement of the question for two years, which would mean a revolution.

"S. E. Nicholson."

"A Pair of Country Kids."

Among the many high class attractions Manager Clark has booked at the Smethport Lyceum for the coming season none gives better promise of being a distinct novelty than "A Pair of Country Kids," that will appear for one night only, Wednesday, Nov. 18. This new rural comedy drama has been built on entirely new lines and as true to nature as stagecraft will permit and as this is the day of the scenic artist and the stage artisan, we can expect to spend one jolly night in the country and laugh and romp with the kids and their merry company, among whom are numbered the best of the latest day artists, each selected for a particular part and which enables the management to a perfect production.

Kodol contains the same digestive juices that are found in an ordinary healthy stomach, and there is therefore, no question but what any form of stomach, trouble, Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia, will yield readily yet naturally to a short treatment of Kodol. Try it to-day on our guarantee. Take it for a little while, as that is all you will need to take. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

John E. Mullin of Kane is attending court.

Mrs. Ada Marshall was a Warren visitor this week.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton is a Buffalo visitor this week.

Dr. F. C. Pierce returned home Monday from Warren.

Howard McElroy of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. James McGaller was in Bradford the first of this week.

W. H. Gallup had business in Buffalo a few days this week.

W. L. Hammer left Tuesday on a Southern business trip.

Charles Latham of Bradford was doing court duty here this week.

Guy Comes was a visitor in Port Allegany, Olean and Buffalo last week.

Frank R. Foster was the guest of his daughter in St. Marys over Sunday.

Roy Stark was over from Bradford and passed Sunday with his parents.

C. F. Haughney of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany had business in town the first of the week.

Mrs. J. D. Abbey left this morning for a visit with her daughter in Bradford.

Miss Jessie Ray of Colegrove was calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. Ada Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald was a visitor in town yesterday.

F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Grace, are visiting his daughter, Mrs. Harry L Backus.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp.

Attorney M. L. Willis of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Campbell of Kane are the guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Brennan.

Father Brooks was in Buffalo a few days this week on business and while there he also heard the Sheffield Choir.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammer, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Redfield visited Buffalo this week.

Mrs. Guy H. McCoy and infant daughter returned home last evening from a visit to friends and relatives in Ellicottville.

The following gentlemen from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, were in town this week on business: J. G. Todd, A. S. Moorhouse, Ed. Riggall and Frank Riggall.

Fresh Fish.

We are now prepared to furnish you with fresh fish, oysters both in shell and bulk, clams and blue points. Your order solicited.

46tf TAYLOR & McCARTY.



Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

IF

Tuesday's Election

had been for the most popular clothes

PELHAM CLOTHING

would have won by a large majority, because it is the best fitting and swellest clothing in the whole land. WE CAN PROVE IT,—because we sell

PELHAM Suits and Overcoats.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Warm Underwear

Time to put on the heavier underclothing now. Constantly changing temperature makes warm underwear a necessity for the preservation of good health.

This store is equipped to meet your requirements in heavy, light and medium weights in separate garments and Union Suits. Here is a suggestion of what we have. We cannot in this space give you a complete list of our stocks. Come and look them over.

Men's Union Suits, blue, cotton fleeced	per suit $1.50
Men's Union Suits, grey, cotton and wool	per suit $2.00
Men's Union Suits, grey, fine all wool	per suit $3.75
Men's Shirts and Drawers, cotton fleeced	per garment 50c
Men's Shirts and Drawers, grey, ½ wool	per garment $1.00
Men's Shirts and Drawers, Camel's hair, all wool	per garment $1.50
Men's Shirts and Drawers, grey, medium wt. wool	per garment $1.50
Women's Union Suits, grey or white	per garment 50c to $2.75
Women's Vests and Pants, grey, cream, white	per garment 25c to $1.00
Misses' Union Suits, grey or cream	per garment 50c to $1.25
Boys' Union Suits, grey	per garment $1.00
Boys' and Girls' Vests, Pants and Drawers, grey or cream	per garment 18c to $1.00

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

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Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

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Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
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Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

An Indian Summer Romance.

By MARGARET FOX.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

It had not been an eventful summer for Marion Leigh. She knew it would not be when she saw it looming up in all its inevitability—an invalid aunt, an isolated mountain retreat and herself in the dual role of nurse and companion.

But she was wise enough to recognize the time old truth that "beggars cannot be choosers" and to accept it graciously. As a dependent orphan she had little voice in the ordering of her own career.

But now as she watched the leaves falling silently, somberly, and thought over the long, tedious days she had lived through and the longer and more tedious ones to come, her bright courage seemed all at once to leave her.

The proverbial melancholy of the season controlled her mood, and she became introspective.

There had been just one bit of brightness that stood out as a relief against the dreary background of that monotonous summer, and whether she was glad or sorry for it Marion herself hardly knew.

She had welcomed Bruce Wolcott's coming with spontaneous delight, not because it had any special significance for her, but because he stood for all that she had known of youth and freedom and jollity, of which there was so little now in her surroundings, so much still in her natural makeup.

But Wolcott had proved more than merely young and care free and jolly as she remembered him; he was alertly sympathetic and unfailingly generous.

In recalling the many thoughtful, sweet things he had done for her Marion refused to blame herself for misinterpreting them as acts significant of deeper purpose.

The change had come almost in a day. It seemed to her now. It was not that his generosity ceased, but the personal note that had come so near transforming kindness into love had suddenly dropped out of it.



"YOU MAY READ THE REST OF THE STORY —MARION."

The comparatively cold courtesy that was left chilled Marion's heart. Her pride nevertheless forced her to accept it as if she noticed no difference.

Her lips trembled now as she felt again the bitterness of the disappointment and the resignation that she knew that she must not give way utterly. For that, for surrender to unhappiness and despair, there was no time or space allotted in her life's schedule. She must be always ready, always cheerful, always self effaced.

With characteristic determination she attempted to turn her thoughts into other channels, but after reading a few pages in the book she had brought with her out under the trees she closed it with emphatic disapproval.

"I could write a better story myself," was her mental comment. And she was soon deeply engrossed in the experiment.

Some three or four hours later in the day, on his customary way to inquire after Marion's invalid aunt, Wolcott came upon the book and the loose sheets of paper carelessly slipped into it, or, rather, slipping out of it, for the wind was fluttering the leaves energetically.

A chance phrase or two caught his attention. He read on without stopping to think of the breach of etiquette that he was committing, and then, having read through to the last, he turned back to the beginning.

It was an idyllic little fancy.

"In childhood he had been her playmate," Wolcott read. "Whenever she skipped over the green of the fields it was with her hand tight clasped in his. If she slipped on the smooth cross stones in the brook he pulled her up with a jerk, and they both laughed at her dripping little figure. The other children didn't hear him laugh, to be sure. In fact, they didn't know him, because they never saw him. The little girl kept him all to herself, afraid to let any one else suspect his existence.

"They often wondered—the poor, blind, unimaginative other children—why she liked to play so much by herself. Of course he always walked by her side when they went to school at first adorably shy, just tugging on behind; later, growing bolder and encouraged by the little girl, he carried her books with a swaggering air of possession that delighted her heart.

"But for some inexplicable reason as the boy's shyness gradually evolved into an attitude of debonair confidence the girl lost all her daring and assertiveness. She no longer took the lead. In fact, in no time at all she found herself following his lead, sometimes with a sweetness of which she was wholly unconscious and again with a strange mingling of fear and tumultuous happiness that proclaimed him master of her heart.

"But the boy, because his power had come to him so easily, was careless of it. Besides, there were so many other things that were more worth while. [illegible]

"He told the girl about some of them boastfully—expecting her to share his enthusiasm. And because she seemed to him indifferent and no longer a comrade interested in the same things of life he sought her less and less frequently, and at length they drifted quite apart.

"But the girl never forgot. She followed his career from afar and was proud of all his successes. Yet, much as she admired and reverenced the man, to her heart it was the boy whose image she treasured. She still imagined him with her, sharing her keen delight in every bit of beauty that she chanced upon, holding her hand tight whenever the turbulent waters came near sweeping her on with them.

"If the man ever remembered"—

And here the fine spun fancy came to a full stop owing probably to some sudden interruption.

For a few minutes Wolcott sat absorbed in deep thought. So she did love him after all! And what he had overheard her tell her aunt, coming suddenly along by her open window one day had been all a part of her daily heroism. Her lips had said: "No, auntie; I do not love him. He is only just a friend. He can never mean anything more to me." But her heart had said—

He reread the last part of the confession and then, taking out his pencil, wrote hurriedly.

"If the man ever remembered," he began, continuing the thread of the story, "it was no wonder what had become of his jolly little playmate and to try to recall what it was that had separated them. He was glad that he had done big things, and, although while he was doing them he did not stop to analyze his motive or his inspiration, he knew afterward that he had done them for her in the hope that she might hear of them and be proud. And after they were done and he had earned a breathing space he knew that he should never do anything more worth while until he should find her again and have her near him always to love and to worship.

"He yearned for a warm clasp of her little hand and the sound of her laughter. What a fool he had been to let such priceless possessions pass when they were his for the taking! Would it be possible to regain them now? Would she forgive him and love him and enshrine him again as master of her heart?"

Suddenly Wolcott heard an embarrassed little laugh behind him.

"Oh, I—I didn't realize you were here," Marion was saying in almost stammering confusion. "I came out to get a book I left here this morning."

"Yes, I found it," Bruce acknowledged awkwardly, the written sheets scattered in telltale fashion about him.

"You didn't dare!" began Marion, blushing and turning white and blushing again in a way that kept Wolcott staring at her in fascinated admiration.

"Yes, I did, but I'll play fair," he answered, smiling at her with all his old engaging frankness. "You may read the end of the story, Marion. I took the liberty of finishing it."

He watched her closely while she read it, and noted with a great bounding of joy in his heart how her hand trembled as she came to the last words.

"Then it isn't finished, is it?" she asked gently after a little pause.

"You are the only one who knows, dear," he answered tenderly. "Am I by any chance the little boy in your heart—the boy you've always loved, Marion?"

He was holding her hand now, and he felt the sudden tightening of her clasp.

"The boy I've always loved," she answered softly, "and the master of my heart."

A Busy Ten Dollar Bill.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around the table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took $10 out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was $10 toward the $20 he promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays $10 on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to his wife, remarking that he had now paid her the $20 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour account. Mr. Hadley again passed it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocket, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.—Osceola (Ia.) Sentinel.

Lose?

"I should think a doctor with so many friends would have lots of practice."

"But he won't treat his friends. He says he hates to lose them."—Kansas City Times.

Pleasant, sure, easy, safe little liver Pills, are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Bruises, scratches, sores and burns that other things have failed to cure will heal quickly and completely when you use DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

SOME PET ECONOMIES.

Saving String and Paper We Never Use—Wasted Medicines.

Hardly a person exists without some favorite economy, some little senseless tribute which he offers at the shrine of thrift, and by which he saves—just nothing.

[illegible] Others store away [illegible] to have and silk and are delighted when a stray occasion justifies their practice by making use of a hoarded treasure.

"I myself have a weakness for half sheets of note paper. I am annoyed exceedingly when I receive a letter with the third page covered and the second blank. It seems an opportunity missed. Yet as I rarely make use of my pieces I can only keep them from a naught love of saving.

Apropos of this subject, I remember a clergyman once telling me about an aunt of his who in her eagerness that nothing should be wasted insisted upon drinking the remaining doses in any medicine bottles that the invalids in the household had been unable to finish.

This seems carrying a good principle a little too far.—London Black and White.

FORCED THE PLAY.

Career of a Tragedy Written by the Great Napoleon.

The Scene Illustrata of Rome tells this story of the first Napoleon as a dramatic writer. He had seen a performance of "The Cid," which impressed him so forcibly that he decided to write a classic drama. Within a short time he had finished nearly four acts of a play, which he entitled "Hector." Then came his election as a brigadier general, and the manuscript was thrown into a desk, where he found it again by chance in 1805. Napoleon then sent for Luce de Lancival, gave him the manuscript and directed him to finish the play. This was done, but the players refused to accept it. When Napoleon returned to Paris from the coronation at Naples he learned of the contumacious manner in which his work had been treated. He demanded the manuscript and wrote beneath it: "The players of the Comedie Francaise will produce the tragedy which in their stupidity they rejected. Napoleon." Two hours later the work was accepted. Three weeks later it was produced before a brilliant audience, declared a success and the alleged author was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Voyder.

The voyder was a large dish in which were collected the broken victuals which were removed from the table with a large knife with a broad, flat blade, called the voyder knife. Fresh dishes to empty, clear or make void.

"The Boke of Nurture," by Hugh Rhodes, the date of which is 1577, one of the curious set of handbooks of manners and etiquette reproduced by the Early English Text society, speaks of these vessels as follows: "See ye have voyders ready for to voyd the morsels that they doe leave on their trenchers. Then with your trencher knyfe take up such fragments and put them in your voyder and then sette them downe."—"Old English Plate," by W. J. Cripps.

Types of Female Beauty.

In northern Europe, among the Teutonic races, there are distinct types of beauty, to be met with in Sweden, Holland, Saxony and Austria. The Swedish type, however, lacks animation, but the mold and figure to some extent atone for this, says the London Globe. The Austrian women possess a considerable beauty in which are united the charms of three or four races. Vienna ladies are tall and stately, with great harmony and proportion in feature and figure. The Tyrolese maiden often lacks a good figure, but her face and manner possess all that is most bewitching in the two races of which she is composed, Latin and Germanic.

At a Studio Tea.

She put down her cup and rose.

"Thanks awfully," she said, "for letting me see your academy picture, Mr. Brush—and goodby."

He accompanied her gallantly to the door.

"And are you going to see Black's academy picture over the way now?" he inquired.

She gave him her brightest smile.

"Oh, no!" she said sweetly. "I shall see that at the academy, you know."—Exchange.

Rare Bird.

"I had a parrot once," said the thin man, "who could repeat the first act of 'Hamlet' through without a break."

"I had a parrot once," said the fat man, "who could not speak a word."

"Huh! That is nothing."

"Wait a minute. He could talk the dumb alphabet to perfection."—London Answers.

No Chicken Herself.

Miss Sweeter: Isn't it laughable to see the youthful airs Pat Billiwink gives herself? She must be at least ten years older than I am. Miss Cap sl um—Fully. And you wouldn't bee under the wing, you know, either.—Chicago Record Herald.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars. THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

SPOTLESS TOWN.

Broek, In Holland, Is the Cleanest Place In the World.

The housecleaning tools hung upon the wall in neat lines were as numerous, as diverse and as handsome as the tools of a carpenter or a chauffeur. There were dust brushes, wall brushes, picture brushes—all sizes and shapes. There were rakes and scrapers for corners. There were polishing instruments of every kind for glass, for metal, for floors, for furniture. There were sponges, chamois skins, soaps and powders of all descriptions.

"It is a complete set of cleaning tools, isn't it?" said the owner. "It should be complete. I brought it from Holland with me—from Broek—from Spotless Town.

"Broek is the cleanest place in the world. When you enter its gates they give you a pair of new straw sandals yellow as gold to put on so that you will not track up the snowy streets.

"In the bright sunshine you seem to be walking in a town made of sugar candy. The tree trunks are painted yellow, the garden fences are a bright blue, the tables and chairs before the little inns are as white as though carved out of snow.

"Enter a Broek stable. The walls are scarlet, the mangers are green, the floors are yellow. The cows' tails are fastened to rings in the ceiling so that they may not soil nor be soiled."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ILLS OF MAN.

Appendicitis and Gout Rampant Thousands of Years Ago.

The injuries, disease and peculiarities of the people who lived in the fertile valley of the Nile from prehistoric until early Christian times, a period of over 5,000 years, are shown in a pathological collection on view at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The collection was obtained during the exploration of fifty-seven cemeteries in the area of the Nile valley lying immediately south of the pillars of Konosso, which mark the frontier of ancient Egypt.

The survey was carried out under the direction of Captain H. G. Lyons of the Egyptian government. In one grave were found the abdominal organs of a woman so well preserved that it was possible to say that she suffered from appendicitis, which is considered to be the earliest evidence of this disease. Typical lesions of gout were found in an early Christian subject.

A pair of splints, with bandages, were found on the forearms of a young woman's body, both the forearms having been broken just above the wrists. The splints are almost identical with those used at the present day.

Beggars Are Ingenious.

"Nowhere is the ingenuity of the present age more apparent than in the begging letters received by rich men," said a private secretary. "I have been reading letters of that kind by the hundred for the last fifteen years. Formerly all begging letters sounded alike. So stereotyped were they that they might have been copied verbatim from a ready letter writer. Now the writers display originality. They may want the same old things that their predecessors wanted, but they ask for them in a different way. People do more nearly adopt the art of expressing themselves forcibly. That is to their advantage.

"It may be unjust, but usually it is the letter that gets the rich man hardest that gets a favorable reply. The writer may not really need assistance nearly so badly as some timid person who can't get away from trite phrases, but he gets the relief asked for every time."—New York Globe.

Useless.

A young enthusiastic revivalist had been exhorting a congregation in a small mining town for over two hours without perceptible effect. He was somewhat discouraged until a rough old miner interrupted him with:

"Say, brother, I'd like to ask a question."

The young revivalist beamed. "Thank you, my man, for your interest," he replied. "I shall be more than glad to set you right on any question. Your desire for enlightenment is a good sign which I am very, very glad to see. Now, what is it you want to know?"

"Kin I smoke?" asked the miner.—Life.

Quite Handy.

Wife (reading)—Isn't this funny, my dear? Here is an article which says they have found a new species of birds in Australia which have four legs. Now, whatever do you suppose they want four legs for? Husband (yawning)—They are probably politicians, my love, and by this beautiful dispensation of their Creator they are enabled to stand on both sides of the fence at the same time.—Pearson's Weekly.

Showing Him.

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair. "I'll show you how to treat your mother!"

And he at once proceeded to show young hopeful the way by banging him across the ears two or three times and then shaking him until his hair began to fall out.

Defined.

A little girl who had listened to a discussion of nature fakirs in literature when asked to define the human and animal families replied:

"A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."—Judge.

Unless you hear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.—Syrus.

WORK OF THE BEAVER

Feats Performed by This Industrious Little Worker.

A CLEVER HOUSE BUILDER

He Is Capable of Constructing a Dwelling as Large, Though Not So High as a Small Haystack, and He Can Cut Down Big Trees With His Teeth.

Almost every one knows something about the beaver and that it builds dams and houses to dwell in, but very few people have seen beavers in their wild state. It is also a fact that the race of industrious little workers is rapidly disappearing. In the older districts beavers generally live in the banks of the streams they inhabit, and the sight of a beaver house is uncommon.

Where beavers do build houses, says Forest and Stream, the structures differ greatly in size, shape and location. Some are as large, though of course less high, than a small haystack; others are hardly more than six feet through at the base. They may stand either wholly on land or partly in the water and partly on the bank or wholly in the water.

They are never placed in very deep water, for a base must be built for the house to stand on reaching up to the surface, since the chamber inhabited by the occupants must be dry.

The shape of those houses on the shore approaches the conical. Those in the water are more irregular, sometimes only rounded, at others long and rather flat on top.

Within each house and connected with the water by a concealed passage through which the beavers pass to and fro is the chamber which is the animals' dwelling place.

It is large enough to contain seven or eight of them and high enough so that a beaver can conveniently sit up on his haunches. It is warm, dry and clean, for the beaver is extremely neat in all his habits.

The food of the beaver consists chiefly of the green bark of twigs and young limbs of various trees. Cottonwood bark is preferred; then come willow, then alder, but the bark of almost any tree may be eaten.

I have known them to eat pine and white cedar. The beaver often cuts down trees of very considerable size to get at the smaller limbs, which they eat.

I have seen cottonwoods twenty inches in diameter so cut, and once on Vancouver Island I found a cedar two and one-half feet through which they had gnawed down.

The work of cutting down a large tree is done by a single animal. I have seen the beaver engaged in the operation, which is as follows: The beaver sits up on his haunches facing the tree and with its fore paws resting against it. With its head turned on one side he cuts a groove above and then one below and bites out the chip, taking it off in almost the same way an axman would.

He thus saves himself the trouble of gnawing all the wood up into fine cuttings. When the tree is felled the whole community attack and cut up the tender limbs, carrying them away to the cache.

Unlike many of our gnawing animals, the beaver does not sleep through the winter. He fulfills his active, often venturing abroad during the whole of the cold weather. He must, therefore, have food, and a large part of the summer and autumn is devoted to securing the food and depositing it in caches. This food consists of the limbs and twigs of the trees most preferred by the beaver.

They are cut from one and a half to three feet long, stripped of their leaves and smaller twigs, carried to the water and floated to the cache, where they are sunk. And here comes a very curious point.

These sticks are floated to the cache and are sunk by the beaver to the bottom of the water, where they remain without any apparent anchorage. They are not stuck in the mud of the bottom or held down by weights. If you lift one to the surface it will float, but you may move it about on the bottom without its rising.

I have myself tried this with sticks from which the bark has been eaten, but have never done so with the green, unpeeled limbs before the beavers had taken them into their houses. This matter to me is a very mysterious one, and I have never been able to get any hint as to how these sticks were sunk.

All through the winter the beavers visit these caches, carry the sticks to their house, where they eat off the bark, returning the bare sticks to the water.

Sometimes it may happen that for some reason or other the cache may not contain enough to last the whole winter. In this case the beavers, if possible, get on land through some air hole or place of open water and then forage among the timber. Occasionally a combination of scarcity and severe weather may oblige the colony to emigrate during the winter to some more favorable spot.

Courting Trouble.

"Look here," said the official, "there'll be trouble if your wife disregards us when we persistently tell her she must not pick the flowers."

"Then," replied Mr. H. Peck, for it was no other, "why ever do you persist?"—Judge.

Be prepared to answer for the single talent committed to your charge and take no thought for the rest.—St. Bernard of Chairvaux.

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STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Justin W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—F. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Nelson, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Chas. Brady, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; G. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Ovlatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Watte, E. W. Wuckley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Houth, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Byrle.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 272, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon in I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE KAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres't.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. CHADWICK, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA TAYLOR, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next. [illegible]

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"BUT—I—YOU KNOW HOW I CARE FOR YOU."

THROUGH FIRE

By

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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In New York the wine of prosperity ran in the streets, and the intoxication of audacious adventure saturated the air. Lean years and their lessons were forgotten; the talk was all of making and spending large sums of money. The market places were yielding rich spoils, which were being poured out for new and grander palaces, for pictures and statuary and tapestries, for splendid entertainments, and for equipages, gowns and jewels. Out-of-town people stood agape before the endless panorama of prodigal luxury.

This was the hour chosen by Fate for an ironic blow at Garlan and Company. Young Garlan, the senior partner by inheritance, had foreseen the coming good times. He cast aside the maxims of prudence on which his father built up the great firm. Dragging his disheveled but exhilarated older partners with him, he ventured boldly. In his overconfidence he miscalculated, and what should have been a dazzling success proved a hopeless failure.

He was on his way up Fifth avenue to play his last card. If he could tide over the next five days, he would win, and the stock certificates and bonds on the seat of the carriage beside him would be worth three millions, at least; if not, they would be worth several hundred thousand less than nothing at all. Surely old Masham would see the advantages of "tiding him over"—if not as a business proposition, then, certainly, as a matter of sentiment. It seemed absurd to think of sentiment in connection with the coldest as well as richest money-lender in New York; but was not Frederick Masham Garlan his namesake? Had not his father and Masham been "Nat" and "Joe" together in the village up on the Canadian border? Had they not come to New York together and for half a century fought side by side, or back to back, as the posture of the battle made expedient?

After announcing himself and being seated in the cheerless looking hall, he heard old Masham's voice—it came from above with a fateful, sepulchral echo, and said: "H'm! That young gambler!—show him up."

"I've brought some securities on which I wish to borrow half a million." Garlan tried to keep despair and desperation out of his voice. He extended the bundle toward Masham.

Masham looked sourly at him for several seconds before reaching out his yellow, claw-like hand. He ran his eyes over the titles. "Securities?" he sneered, handing them back; "you may call them securities, but I call them dead cats. Not a penny! Is that all?"

Garlan's face was gray, his lips purple, and there were deep circles under his eyes. He stood there, young and straight, with imagination and sentiment as well as shrewdness and boldness, and sensitiveness also, in the lines of his features. So crushed was he that the insult made no impression upon him. "I must have the money, or we are ruined," he said. "You know that, in any other than the extraordinary circumstances of the moment, I could easily realize on these. You know that, within a week, they will be worth more than their face."

"Ruined, eh?" Masham's voice was hard and triumphant. For two years he had been prophesying ruin for young Garlan, and he felt and showed the pious joy of a vindicated prophet. "Ruined, eh? I thought so; and you want me to foot the bills of your little fling." His dry, crackling laugh was as sure and merciless in its reach as the knife of a skilled vivisectionist.

Garlan's athletic shoulders drooped. He was staring over the old man's head into a black abyss. He felt the ground sinking beneath his feet. He tried to wet his dry lips with his dry tongue. Then he succeeded in articulating the words that cut into the very heart of his pride—"For my father's sake."

Masham lifted himself in his chair and began shrieking at him. "For your father's sake? You impudent young puppy! If your father were here, he'd be the first man to indorse what I'm doin'. You've sinned away yer day o' grace. An' ye don't get none o' my hard-earned money to throw after yer father's fortune an' his name—yes, you young spendthrift, an' my name, too."

The old man's English returned to the dialect of his youth as his temper rose. Garlan quivered, and drew himself up haughtily. "You are insulting! I have disgraced no one, sir."

"No, I don't suppose you do call it disgrace. But what is disgrace, I want to know, if bankruptcy ain't, if wastefulness ain't, if squanderin' other people's money in gamblin' an' high livin' ain't? You, with that horde of houses an' servants, an' that there wife o' your'n bein' gabbled about in the papers for parties and clothes an' dinners! Disgrace! No, I don't suppose either one o' you calls it disgrace."

Garlan stalked from the room to escape from the insults to his wife, and heard the last sentence as he was descending. Yet, at the foot of the stairs, the horror of his situation swept over him, and he paused, debating whether or not to return and make one last effort. "It's no use," he decided, and pride had no part in the conclusion.

He entered his carriage, and it whirled up the avenue.

Arriving home, he locked himself in his study—immediately behind the small reception room to the left on the entrance floor. At eight he had part of the dinner brought to him; at half past eight he rang for the servant to take away the tray. Then he resumed his "work"—toiling away at a turmoil of memories and forebodings, wandering aimlessly and drearily from might-have-beens to must-bes and back again. The burden of it all was how to tell her; how she would "take" it, and what could be done for or with her in that impossible hereafter. He had not given her or permitted her to get the slightest hint of what was coming. Poverty for himself was tragic enough. Poverty for her,—or anything but luxury that would leave no fancy ungratified—was unthinkable.

Toward nine o'clock there was a faint knock. He recognized it, but did not answer. "Usually she goes away when I pretend not to hear," he said to himself. But the knock came again—timid, yet persistent. "Perhaps she suspects—has heard something somewhere." He felt that it would be a relief for her to begin the talk he was dreading and postponing. He opened the door. "You?" he exclaimed feigning surprise.

"Yes—may I come in—for a moment only?" asked his wife, advancing into the room.

"What can I do for you?" As he asked the question, it flashed into his mind that old Masham's way of beginning a conversation had become his own. He had not thought of this before—and yet he used it even toward his wife.

"I don't want anything," she said, impatiently; "at least"—with a smile—"only a compliment. How do you like me in your present?" she inquired turning round and round to exhibit the beautiful wrap of chiffon lined with ermine that enswathed her from neck to heels.

"It is very becoming," he said, in a strained, absent voice. She thought his mind was on his business, but he was thinking of her—fragile, yet healthy, her skin clear and dark, her features, especially her eyes and forehead, sensitive and intelligent. The blue veins showed in a faint, fascinating tracery on her cheeks, shoulders, and bosom. "A typical product of luxury, utterly unfit for adversity," he said to himself, sick at heart. "Only a hothouse could produce or preserve such a plant. She will pine, she will die—and die hating me."

There was an uneasy silence. He longed for her to go. He was still standing near the door, and said: "Won't you be very late for the opera?" But she threw back her wrap and seated herself.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What does it matter? It bores me to think of going, almost as much as it bores me to think of sitting at home alone. It seems to me that life is a terribly *silly and tiresome farce.* There is either nothing to do or something that seems worse than nothing. Everything looks so well and tastes so flat or bitter! But I suppose you don't understand or sympathize—you have your work, your career, your great projects and triumphs."

He winced, and on the pretext of *lighting a cigarette,* moved where she could not see his face.

"Busy—always busy!" she interrupted, holding out her wrap to him. "You have time for everybody except your friends—and your wife." As he put the wrap about her shoulders and kissed her gently on the hair, she turned and looked up at him. "Won't *you come?*" she pleaded. "I need you this evening; and, if you will, I'll cut the supper at Mrs. Preston's and come home with you."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. The very idea of facing all those people in the opera house gave him a shock. 'Go and enjoy yourself while you can.'

A reckless look came into her eyes. "Good night," she said. "Don't forget—you wouldn't come, though I begged you. Good night. I'm going where I'm welcome."

Alone again, he turned down the lights and threw himself on the divan against the folding doors that separated the study from the reception room. His brain was aching, and pain and weariness throbbed through his veins to every part of his body. He lay for an hour or more without motion, and then fell asleep. He was awakened by voices heard faintly but clearly through the thick door between him and the reception room.

"But—I—you know how *I care for* you—more than anyone else—so much that I think only of you—" It was a man's voice, Morrill's. He had been at the house a great deal of late.

"Harriette—dear!" At these words, uttered by Morrill in a tone that certainly seemed sincere, Garlan made ready to leap up and drive him from the house; but he sank back, as his wife replied.

"I suppose I ought to silence you or send you away. But—I wonder—do you really care? No, I don't want you to protest. But—oh, I don't know what I want."

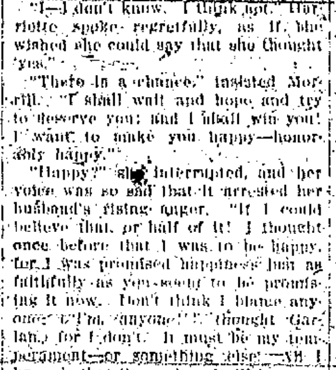
"You're everything to me. It breaks my heart to have you so lonely and sad. *I know you've never felt or* received real love—the love that understands, that is always about one like air. Had you shown anyone else ("I'm 'anyone else,'" thought Garlan, in a fury at the youth and ardor and conviction in Morrill's voice) even what you've shown me of your true self, I should never have had the chance—*for it is a chance isn't it?*"

"I—I don't know. I think not." Harriette spoke regretfully, as if she wished she could say that she thought 'yes.'

"There is a chance," insisted Morrill. "I shall wait and hope and try to deserve you; and I shall win you! I want to make you happy—honorably happy."

"Happy?" she interrupted, and her voice was so sad that it arrested her husband's rising anger. "If I could believe that, or half of it! I thought once before that I was to be happy, for I was promised happiness just as faithfully as you seem to be promising it now. Don't think I blame anyone ("I'm 'anyone'!" thought Garlan) for I don't. It must be my temperament—or something else—all I know is that I'm so bored all the time, and miserable most of the time, that I think I must fly!"

"I can and will make you happy," Morrill spoke with enthusiasm. "Free



Poverty for Her.

yourself, Harriette! A year—less, even—and you can be free; free to start life again. No matter what you decide to do afterwards, you owe it to yourself to free yourself. You cannot, you ought not, to live on in this way."

A train of thought, like powder on fire, flashed across Garlan's mind. 'I'm ruined. She will desert me; and why not? What right have I to hold her back. It is all my fault—all—all!" He realized that, while he had been deceiving himself into believing he did not look to her in this crisis, he in reality had been relying upon her—her love, her sympathy—as the last, but the strong bulwark between him and utter despair. It seemed to him that there was an explosion in his head, as if the fiery powder-train had touched the great central magazine. He gave a loud cry and became unconscious.

When he returned to his senses, he again heard voices—his wife's and Morrill's. But the voices were near him and the room was flooded with light.

"I say, go!" his wife was commanding.

"And I say, I will not," Morrill replied. "I must bear it with you. It was my fault. Besides why should I sneak away? I am neither ashamed nor afraid."

Garlan drew himself to a sitting position, and, with his handkerchief wiped away the dampness of the cold water that had been put on his forehead. "You are right," he said, gently, to Morrill; "stay! There is no cause for shame or fear to anyone here—except—me." Then he turned to his wife. "Will you leave us? Don't think I'm reproaching you. A few weeks ago—yes, a few days ago, I should have—have—but no matter. Please leave me, until to-morrow, won't you?" He got upon his feet a little unsteadily.

She came near him and looked up at him anxiously, very pale and wide-eyed. "Frederick—you don't believe that I—I—"

"No, dear; no." He smiled, sadly. "Indeed I don't. I would have trusted you, I do trust you, absolutely." He lifted her right hand to his lips and led her to the door.

Morrill nerved himself for a storm; he felt that Garlan had been merely displaying unusual capacity for self-control. "What an influence she must have over him," he thought, "that he is able to restrain himself!" When she had gone, Garlan, who had been looking after her down the hall, closed the door, and, with his face still inscrutable, said: "Be seated, please. You'll find cigars and cigarettes at your elbow."

"Thanks, no," said Morrill, and he waited for the other to begin.

"I shan't detain you long," Garlan began. "I merely wish to reassure myself about you." He studied Morrill's face carefully and calmly. "I've always had a good opinion of you," he went on, "and, listening to you a few minutes ago"—this with a trace of irony in his cold voice—"I got a still more favorable impression, not of you, but of your sincerity. My wife encouraged you, and I drove my wife away from me. As you've seen during the last few months—and I must say you showed it plainly in your face all along—I've been a very poor excuse of a husband."

Morrill shifted uneasily in his chair. Had Garlan gone mad?

"I see you don't understand," Garlan continued. "The point is that I am a ruined man. To-morrow we go into bankruptcy—a ghastly wreck. I do not wish my wife to suffer on my account. I had the chance with her, but I threw it away. To be brief, I propose to free her."

"But she will never desert you in these circumstances!" Morrill exclaimed.

Garlan looked at him coldly. "I propose to free her," he repeated.

Morrill looked at him in a puzzled way. Suddenly he grew pale. "You don't mean—" he said slowly.

Garlan seemed not to have heard him. "If it should ever happen," he went on, in a monotonous voice, looking *straight ahead of him,* "that you should happen to have the chance to make some woman happy, I hope, for your own sake as well as for hers, you won't forget this lesson. The time may come, the time will come, when all the material things, the things men most value and seek, will fall to pieces, when you will turn for support to the things that have seemed weak and small, the sentimental things to which, it may be, in your pride and arrogance, you have thought yourself superior. When that crisis shall come—and it comes to every man, sooner or later—if you heed this lesson, you may find what I reach out my hands for—in vain. If you do not, you'll have only yourself to blame."

Morrill's eyes filled with tears. "You seem much older than I to-night," he said, "but you're not, and I can't help saying that I don't think you ought to let yourself be crushed by this one blow. Other men have failed and recovered. You will recover and be stronger and better than ever before."

"You are very kind." Garlan's sarcasm was not concealed. "And now, I shall not detain you any longer."

He accompanied Morrill to the front door. "Good night!" he said.

"One moment, please!" Morrill spoke earnestly, impulsively. "It's she; what you overheard, I'm sure. I must say it; it's only honorable that I should. I'm convinced, now, by a thousand things I didn't think important before, that she has never cared and never could care for me, but that it's you she cares for; that it's been your neglect—"

"Good night!" Garlan shut the door sharply.

When back in his study, the young man locked the door—and dropped into a chair near the fire. Hope? Recovery? With everything he and she had lived for since childhood swept away? Impossible. He had played the game and lost. He had manhood enough, surely, not to stake his wife—his wife who was longing to be free. When she knew the truth concerning him, learned of the bankruptcy, the destruction of the great name his father had built up, the wiping out of the great fortune, and that nothing was left but a long and bitter struggle in poverty and obscurity—

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. How well he knew it! How many times he had answered its timid insistence with an impatient, almost discourteous intimation that he did not wish to be disturbed. He turned, opened his lips to answer, sighed, and turned again to the fire. The knock came once more, and, after an interval, a third time. A long pause ensued and then he heard a faint rustling, as of a woman moving reluctantly, and there was silence.

"Masham was right," he reflected, **"except about her. It's all my fault—** vanity, folly, stupidity." He went to his desk and drew out the top drawer *as far as possible.* From the last compartment he took a pistol.

"Why not?" he said. "Yes—it is the sensible way. Everyone will approve, and the whole score will be wiped out. And—I shall not have to tell her—to see her."

At this he put the pistol back into the drawer. "It would be sheer cowardice to do it to-night," he said. "But to-morrow—"

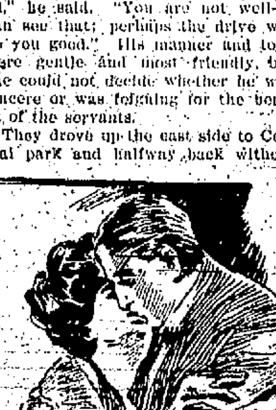
At nine o'clock, the next morning, he telephoned to his partners that he could not join them at the wreck until noon. It was half past ten when his wife came down, dressed for a drive, her maid following her with her furs, and the butler and two footmen waiting *in the hall* with *lap-robes and* extra wraps and foot-warmers and carriage boots. Harriette always drove in a victoria, no matter how cold it might be.

"May I drive with you?" he said, coming suddenly from his study.

She was pale and worn, but at sight of him her face brightened. "Why!" I *inquired early this morning,* and they told me you had gone."

"I did not wish you to be disturbed," he said. "You are not well—I can see that; perhaps the drive will do you good." His manner and tone were gentle and most friendly, but she could not decide whether he was sincere or was feigning for the benefit of the servants.

They drove up the east side to Central park and halfway back without



He Kissed Her Again.

speech beyond a few commonplaces. As they neared the Fifty-ninth street entrance, he said to the coachman: "Home, John!" then to her, in a low voice: "I have some news, some very bad news, indeed. I can spare you—or, rather, myself—no longer."

She looked at him appealingly, but, before she could speak, he added: "It concerns myself—my own affairs. Only I—I—it will be a surprise to you. But I will tell you when we are in the house."

As the carriage stopped at their door, a boy with a bundle of papers went by, shouting: "Extree! Garlan and Company's big smash!"

She had just risen from the seat. She fell back into it. The servants, amazed, terrified by that stentorian shout, had eyes only for the boy.

"My dear—remember!" Garlan's voice was gentle and calm. It reminded her, at once, that the world was watching. She recovered herself instantly, and smiled brightly at him. "Buy a paper, Frederick," she said. "No, let one of the servants bring it." Then she walked up the steps as unconcernedly as if the routine of her life was undisturbed.

Frederick waited at the door while the butler bought the paper. A crazy-looking man, with long, ragged whiskers, paused and shook his fist at the group—the servants in livery surrounding the tall, distinguished young ex-millionaire. "Look at him! Look at the impudence of him!" shrieked the "crank" to the gathering crowd. "There he is—the robber—the trampler of the poor—the miserable Wall street gambler and thief! See his carriage and all these pampered menials. Bah!"—and he showed his teeth and shook his fists in fantastic fury.

The crowd laughed. "Go it, old man!" shouted one—"soak him!" The newsboy, scenting business, redoubled his cries. "All about it! Only one cent! Here's yer ux-tree!"

Garlan entered his door and the servants closed it. He was calm, but they were so unnerved that they dropped in succession his hat, coat and gloves. He went into his study, where his wife was waiting.

"Is that the news?" she began, her tone as if the door were still open and the servants listening.

"Yes." He glanced at the huge, black headlines—"A Two-Million-Dollar Smash!" etc., etc., then tossed the paper on the table. "The newspapers anticipated me." He threw himself into a chair. "Ruin!" he said; "it's all gone—everything—everything."

"All?"

"Yes—all. If I start again, it must be from the bottom—no, below it. There'll be several hundred thousands of debts; but, thank God, it's fixed so that no one except me will be smashed."

"You'd be sure to see to that."

He looked at her, wondering at her tranquil tone. "Of course it's only words to her," he thought. "She doesn't in the least understand, yet." Then he began to talk slowly, much as if he were explaining an intricate matter to a child. "It's not easy to tell you. You'll have to give up all—this—except, of course, your personal effects, and your property that I had charge of. I took it out of the business as soon as I saw there was an uncertainty."

"But I thought you said everything was gone."

He flushed. "And so it is. But—I didn't mean that I'd been speculating **with your money. There isn't any** dishonor—"

"Didn't you put back my share, too?"

"How could I?" He looked away and grew red. "That's hypocrisy," he said. "I might as well make a clean breast of it. Night before last, I was down there, going over everything, and looking about for straws to clutch at. I thought of your box of securities, and I—I went into the safe, and—well, I opened the box and took them out. But I put them back again; and,—yesterday morning I got to thinking about it. I was a little afraid to trust myself, for the temptation might have come in stronger form. So I gave the box over to old Prawley, and he'll see that it's not disturbed."

"But—*it would*—" she hesitated, and seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently she went to her desk and seated herself. "You're sure you can do nothing to save us?" she said, her pen suspended over the paper.

He was staring gloomily at the floor. "Nothing; it's as I've told you. I've nothing left but the debts. The assignee's in charge by this time." He started up, trembling, impatient, looking wildly about. "But, why am I here?" He could see in imagination, the offices—the crowd outside—the—the angry creditors—the partners, humiliated, apologetic, cursing him for deserting them. "I must go at once!" he exclaimed.

"Just a *few minutes, please!*" she pleaded, looking up from her writing. He sat again, and his mind wandered off in another direction. He could not understand her manner, her tone. Why did she not grasp the situation? It was unlike her to be thus slow. Why did not the reproaches, the tears, the exclamations of despair begin?

At length she finished, and rang for a servant. When he came, she said: "Take a cab—no, the elevated railroad, for it's quicker—and deliver these notes at once, please."

The servant hurried away, and she stood at the mantel, looking down at him. He glanced at her, when he became conscious of the intent gaze, and was amazed to see that she was smiling, not in madness or in folly, but with eyes that made her seem to him almost divine.

"No," she said, softly, "we're not ruined. You were mistaken."

He started up. Those notes? What had she done? In her ignorance of business, had she made some appeal *that would put him in a false light?* "What do you mean?" he demanded. "What have you done?"

"Oh!—the notes," she said, following his train of thought. "No—that is not what I mean. I haven't sent out any hysterical appeals for help. The notes were only to correct an error. I wrote Prawley to turn over, to whoever was in charge, the securities you put aside for me—and the other note was to the firm—very formal and business-like—giving directions to include my securities in the assets."

He looked at her, stupified. "Are you mad?" he asked. "It is not necessary; the law does not call for any such *sacrifice.*" *Then* he seated himself at the telephone. "But I can save you," he said.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Don't!" she said, gently. The look in her eyes reminded him of the first time she had said to him, "I love you"—and how he had thought that such sincerity and constancy had never *before been expressed by human voice* and human features. "There is a law," she went on in a lively tone which only accentuated the seriousness of her words; "it isn't any of those silly old rigmaroles you men put in big, yellow-backed books. It's the law we try to live by—you and I. That law ordered me to do it, under the heaviest penalty known. Remember, we have failed."

"I have failed," he corrected, "and—"

"We have failed," she insisted, "and (She put her arms about his neck.) I'm glad of it!" She burst into tears, but they were not tears of sorrow.

He put her gently into a chair. "You are hysterical," he said, "and no wonder. I must not let you act on these impulses."

She dried her eyes. "Don't misunderstand, please. I am not a child. You used to say I was a remarkably intelligent woman. You used, not very long ago, *to pretend to ask my advice* about things. Now I'll tell you why I'm glad. Haven't I been wretched? Haven't you seen how empty my life was—full of everything I cared nothing about, empty of all I longed for, all I dreamed of—all we dreamed of once?"

"Yes—yes," he said.

"Don't you understand, dear? What has this—monster down-town been but my worst enemy? Hasn't it taken you away from me? Hasn't it made you force upon me a mode of life that revolted all my better instincts, that would have changed me finally into a *cold, heartless, wretched creature,* cut off from all the real joy there is in life? And I'm glad—glad—glad the monster is dead, is floating out of our lives like the great polluting, hideous thing that it is."

"Yes—yes," he repeated, looking at her eagerly.

"No, we're not ruined; we're saved."

"Saved?" He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. The light he saw there soon began to dawn in his. "Are you sure?" he said. "Do you feel it deep down—as deep as the place it seems to be coming from in your eyes?"

"Saved!" she repeated. "Garlan and Company, down-town, has failed. But there's a new Garlan and Company, up-town. And I'm the 'Company.'"

He kissed her again and again. "No," he said, "but you are the senior partner."

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DeWITT'S ...

BACK ...

For sale by L. K. Hogarth

Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

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For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand, and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman fled.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waves. Now and then the deep toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a smart breeze from dead ahead carried aft the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad that it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded toward the bow that the port lights might be more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky way, like some phantom banner, streamed across the blue expanse. Beyond the dark waters a darker tone told of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacons winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and for the first time in weeks he almost knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its antlo upholstered chairs and its gaping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken a seat close to the stairs and the music that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek ... met for attention. He knew ... he had learned that her jealousy was ... without foundation. It was ... her to speak first. Probably she ... with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off ... the end of the summer evening, it was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement and he had vowed that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself only a week ago.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys have their laugh. Their awakening would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self commiseration is a balm to wounded feelings, and he went over the incidents that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

Surely it was Nell's place to speak, and as he started out into the night Behman found pleasant occupation in wondering just how she would make apology.

She was clearly in the wrong, and it would never do to bow to her before marriage. He would be henpecked all his life, and Behman hated the sight of a henpecked man.

He would be rather stern at first. He might even make her plead a little, but in the end he would be magnanimous and would forgive her on her promise not to offend again.

For her own sake as well as his, for the sake of their future happiness, there must be no compromise. He had hinted as much to Bob Wheaton when the latter had offered his services as peacemaker between his sister and Behman.

So engrossed was Behman with his thoughts that he did not hear the light footfall on the canvas covered deck nor realize that his solitude had been intruded upon until Nell Wheaton stood beside the rail and looked out across the foam capped waves.

She did not see him until she had taken her stand beside the rail, and then she was too proud to beat a retreat. She stood quietly looking down upon the water, one hand clasping the rail, the other clutching her hat.

On the lower deck the boys had piled into chairs, and now one of them was playing on the mouth organ. He was rather skillful and played with expression bits of popular songs and snatches from current musical productions. Behman found this concert more musical than the efforts of the poorly paid band within doors.

Then the music changed from new to old, and the boy was playing some of the songs that Nell had softly sung in the weeks just gone as he had paddled the canoe or had drifted with the current.

In the dark of the night Behman could see the river again, with Nell's sweet eyes looking into his through the soft moonlight.

He wondered if she, too, recalled the scene and if her eyes were filled with tears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another lad broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dune," he called. "Play it again."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had he desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the winking beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another, a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried. "I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded, with a laugh.

"That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why?"

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

One fact redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history. The fact is that, whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been safe to come to light. In other words, the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him, whether the golden house at Rome or the hunting box at Sublaqueum or the sea cottage at Antium.

Born in the last named place on Dec. 15, A. D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature, one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of dissipation, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art rather than to the ruling of the empire. —Rodolfo Lanciani in Putnam's and the Reader.

Arithmetic Made Easy.

The class in business arithmetic in one of the evening schools is made up wholly of men who wield the pickax and push the shovel during the day. These men are ambitious to improve their minds, and the fact that they give up their evenings to study shows that they appreciate the value of a trained mind. But they are pathetically stupid in some things.

"On the first evening," said the teacher, "I asked the class, 'How much is six times two?' There was no apparent desire to shirk the question, but no amount of head scratching or knitting of brows could bring forth an answer.

"'I'll put the question in another way,' said I. 'Suppose your boss is paying you at the rate of $2 a day, how much do you get at the end of a week's work?'

"Every man had his hand up. 'Twelve dollars,' said one in the first row.

"These men can think in dollars and cents quickly enough," said the teacher, "but figures are Greek to them."—New York Press.

A Gallant Clergyman.

It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be gallant as well as witty on occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I cannot bring this flower to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory.

Whereupon he took her by the hand and said, "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

A "Place of Learning."

Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was appropriately named.

THE HEAD HUNTERS.

Uncanny Trophies That Are Cherished by the Dyaks.

The head hunting propensities of the Dyaks are well known to the students of ethnology. The leading thought in the taking of heads is the idea that the conqueror could secure the "soul" of the conquered and add it to his own, increasing thereby his courage and strength and consequently his reputation as a hero as long as the head of the victim remained in his possession. It is therefore the custom of the people after battle to wrap the severed heads in a loose crate of rattan and smoke them over a fire of damp wood and leaves. Then they hang the ghastly trophies in the houses in bundles having an uncanny resemblance to gigantic clusters of grapes, each head forming a berry. These war trophies are considered by the Dyaks their most sacred possessions and are guarded with the utmost jealousy and vigilance. Their loss would mean not only a considerable decrease of personal prestige, but also the loss of a part of the "soul"—that is, of courage and strength.

I have often had the questionable privilege of sitting under the bundles of heads in the Dyak houses as the seat of honor and of examining them closely. Anakoda Cusang, who claimed to be my friend, was not a talkative man, but when roused from his usual stolidity would relate the circumstances of many a battle and victory in the past with apparent gusto, not unwilling to declare his courage and reputed invulnerability.—H. L. E. Luering in London Christian.

Pear Shaped Balloons.

Pear shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward; the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier.

But Not to Pay Back.

Dinks—I see Rouge has bought an automobile. I didn't think he had sufficient means to do that. Winks—Oh, he has all sorts of means of borrowing money and just as many means of spending it.—Judge's Library.

Too Inquisitive.

Politician—Congratulate me, my dear. I've won the nomination. His Wife (in surprise)—Honestly? Politician—Now, what in thunder did you want to bring up that point for?—Exchange.

Not Deliberate.

Wife—I claim that the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie! Hub—And I say it wasn't! I never thought up one more quickly in my life!

Miraculous Foresight.

Englishman (reading)—"Keep Out. This Means You!" Bah Jove, how did they know I was coming?—Judge.

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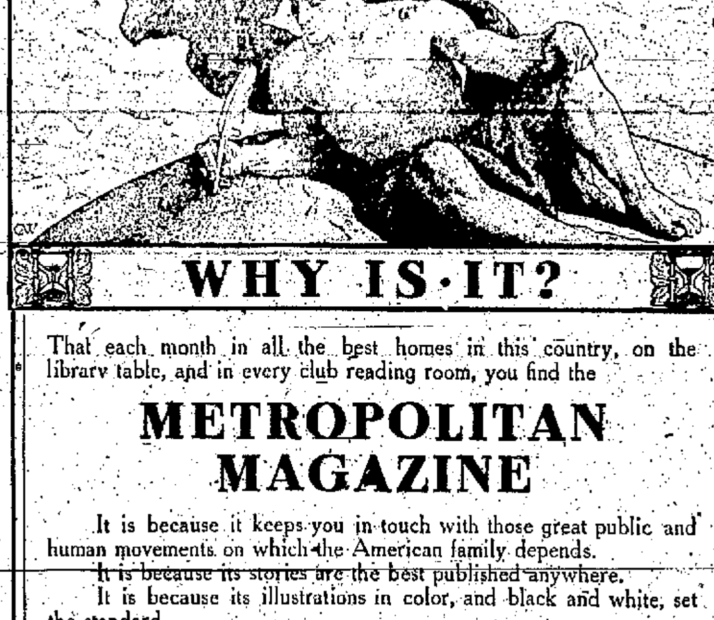
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Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of C. O. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT, Administrator.
Kane, Pa., Oct. 30, 1908.